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HYMNS OF THE AGES.

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C O N T E N T S.

	PAGE
IN TIME OF WAR	I
AFFLICION	35
PATIENCE	69
PRAYER	78
PRAISE	<u>133</u>
SELF-EXAMINATION	147
GOD	158
CHRIST	166
THE HOLY SPIRIT	175
LOVE	181
QUIET	221
OLD AGE	245
DEATH	275
HEAVEN	288
SUNDAY	304
THE ONE CHURCH	316
INDEX TO FIRST LINES	325



IN TIME OF WAR.



TO-DAY IF YE WILL HEAR HIS VOICE!

OUR God! our God! Thou shinest here;
Thine own this latter day;
To us thy radiant steps appear;
Here leads thy glorious way!

We shine not only with the light
Thou didst shed down of yore;
On us thou streamest strong and bright;
Thy coming are not o'er.

The fathers had not all of thee;
New births are in thy grace;
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.

We gaze on thy outgoings bright,
Down cometh thy full power;
We, the glad bearers of thy light;
This, this thy saving hour!

On us thy spirit hast thou poured ;
To us thy word has come ;
We feel, we bless, thy quickening, Lord !
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

Thou comest near ; thou standest by ;
Our work begins to shine ;
Thou dwellest with us mightily,—
On come the years divine !

T. H. Gill.



OLD AND NEW.

O SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right !
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man ; —

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here,—
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold :
Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore ;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

J. G. Whittier.



THE DAY OF THE LORD !

THE day of the Lord is at hand, at hand,
The storms roll up the sky ;
A nation sleeps starving on heaps of gold,
All dreamers toss and sigh.
When the pain is sorest, the child is born,
And the day is darkest before the morn
Of the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God ;
Chivalry, Justice, and Truth ;
Come, for the earth is grown coward and old ;
Come down and renew us her youth !
Freedom, Self-sacrifice, Mercy, and Love,
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,
To the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell,—
Famine, and Plague, and War ;
Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,
Gather,—and fall in the snare !
Hirelings and Mammonites, Pedants and Knaves,
Crawl to the battle, or sneak to your graves,
In the day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and whine for a lost Age of Gold
While the Lord of all ages is here ?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer can dare.
Each past Age of Gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do
In the day of the Lord at hand.

Rev. Charles Kingfley.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord :

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored ;

He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible swift
sword :

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps ;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and
damps ;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps :

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel :

“ As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
shall deal ;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his
heel,

Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-
seat :
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my
feet !

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me :
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.



THY WILL BE DONE.

WE see not, know not ; all our way
Is night : with Thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayer we lift,
Thy will be done !

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead in times like these
The weakness of our love of ease ?
Thy will be done !

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done !

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
The dark relief of sacrifice.

Thy will be done !

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done !

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done !

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies !
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done !

J. G. Whittier.

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

“CARRY me across !”
The Syrian heard, rose up and braced
His huge limbs to the accustomed toil :
“ My child, see how the waters boil ?
The night-black heavens look angry-faced ;
But life is little loss.

“ I ’ll carry thee with joy,
If needs be, safe as nestling dove :
For o’er this stream I pilgrims bring
In service to one Christ, a King
Whom I have never seen, yet love.”
“ I thank thee,” said the boy.

Cheerful, Arprobus took
The burden on his shoulders great,
And stepped into the waves once more ;
When lo ! they leaping rise and roar,
And ’neath the little child’s light weight
The tottering giant shook.

“ Who art thou ? ” cried he wild,
Struggling in middle of the ford :
“ Boy as thou look’st, it seems to me

The whole world's load I bear in thee,
Yet — ” “ For the sake of Christ, thy Lord,
Carry me,” said the child.

No more Arprobus swerved,
But gained the farther bank, and then
A voice cried, “ Hence *Christopheros* be !
For carrying, thou hast carried ME,
The King of angels and of men,
The Master thou hast served.”

And in the moonlight blue
The saint saw — not the wandering boy,
But Him who walked upon the sea
And o'er the plains of Galilee,
Till, filled with mystic, awful joy,
His dear Lord Christ he knew.

O, little is all loss,
And brief the space 'twixt shore and shore,
If thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay,
Through the deep waters of our way,
The burden that Christopheros bore, —
To carry Thee across.

Miss D. Muloch.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

THOU, long disowned, reviled, opprest,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find; —

How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin !
Hail, Truth Divine ! we know thee now,
Angel of God, come in !

Come, though with purifying fire,
And desolating sword,
Thou of all nations the desire !
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die ;
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as ne'er before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in His poor.

Flood our dark life with golden day ;
Convince, subdue, enthrall ;
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

Eliza Scudder.



REIGN OF CHRIST.

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong ;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song ;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse ;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

He shakes the heavens with loud alarms ;
How terrible is God in arms !
In Israel are his mercies known ;
Israel is his peculiar throne.

Proclaim him King, — pronounce him blest ;
He is your life, your joy, your rest ;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

Isaac Watts.

THE foe behind, the deep before,
Our hosts have dared and passed the sea :
And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore,
And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.

Lift up, lift up your voices now !
The whole wide world rejoices now !
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously !
The Lord shall reign victoriously !

Happy morrow,
Turning sorrow

 Into peace and mirth !

Bondage ending,
Love descending

 O'er the earth !

Seals assuring,
Guards securing,

 Watch his earthly prison :

Seals are shattered,
Guards are scattered,

 Christ hath risen !

No longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead ;
For death is hallowed into sleep

 And every grave becomes a bed.

Now once more
Eden's door

Open stands to mortal eyes ;
For Christ hath risen, and men shall rise :
 Now at last,
 Old things past,
Hope and joy and peace begin :
For Christ hath won, and man shall win.

It is not exile, rest on high :
It is not sadness, peace from strife :
To fall asleep is not to die ;
 To dwell with Christ is better life.
Where our banner leads us,
 We may safely go :
Where our Chief precedes us,
 We may face the foe.
His right arm is o'er us,
 He will guide us through :
Christ hath gone before us ;
 Christians ! follow you !

J. M. Neale. 1851.



THUS saith God of His Anointed ;
 He shall let my people go ;
'Tis the work for Him appointed,
 'Tis the work that He shall do ;
 And my city
He shall found, and build it too.

He whom man with scorn refuses,
 Whom the favored nation hates,
 He it is Jehovah chooses,
 Him the highest place awaits ;
 Kings and princes
 Shall do homage at His gates.

He shall humble all the scorners,
 He shall fill His foes with shame ;
 He shall raise and comfort mourners
 By the sweetness of His name ;
 To the captives
 He shall liberty proclaim.

He shall gather those that wandered ;
 When they hear the trumpet's sound,
 They shall join the sacred standard,
 They shall come and flock around ;
 He shall save them,
 They shall be with glory crowned.

Thomas Kelley. 1809.



PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE.

FATHER, I call on thee,
 Through the dun smoke and the clangor of battle,
 The lightning and dread thunder's rattle ;
 War's great Dispenser, I call on thee.
 Father, lead me.

Thou, Father, lead me ;
Lead me to victory, or lead me to death.
Lord, in thy hand is my breath ;
Lord, as thou willest, so lead me.
God, I would know thee.

God, I would know thee ;
When, like the autumn leaves driven together,
Hosts meet in war's thunder-weather,
Source of my faith, I would know thee.
Thou, Father, bless me.

Thou, Father, bless me.
Into thy hands would my freed spirit go ;
Recall it, for thou didst bestow.
In life and in death do thou bless me.
Father, I praise thee.

Father, I praise thee.
This is the field for the fight of the Lord ;
Guard we our faith with the sword.
In fall or in triumph, I praise thee.
God, I give all to thee.

God, I give all to thee.
When, on the battle-field, death sends me greeting,
When my warm life-blood is fleeting,
Take me, for thou hast redeemed me.
Father, I call on thee.

From the German of Körner. 1791-1813.

PSALM.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He 'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'er taken.

The ancient prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell ;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour :
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can ;
Full soon were we down-ridden,
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.

Ask ye, who is this same ?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son :
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not that they can overpower us.

And let the prince of Hell
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit ;
For why ? His doom is writ,
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of Hell, shall have its course :
'T is written by his finger.

And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small :
These things shall vanish all,
The City of God remaineth.

Martin Luther. 1483-1501.



BURIED TOGETHER.

TO COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW.

O FAIR-HAIRED Northern hero,
With thy guard of dusky hue,
Up from the field of battle
Rise to the last review !

Sweep downwards, holy angels,
 In legions dazzling bright,
 And bear these souls together
 Before Christ's throne of light.

The Master, who remembers
 The cross, the thorns, the spear,
 Smiles on the risen freedmen,
 As their ransomed souls appear.

And thou, young, generous spirit,
 What will thy welcome be?
 "Thou hast aided the down-trodden,
 Thou hast done it unto me!"

Mrs. R. C. Waterston.



GO to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
 In full activity of zeal and power;
 A Christian cannot die before his time;
 The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
 Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest-task is done;
 Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
 Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

Go to the grave ; for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace, ere he arose on high ;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

Go to the grave ;— no ; take thy seat above ;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

J. Montgomery. 1803–1853.



O HOLY Father, just and true
Are all thy works and words and ways,
And unto thee alone are due
Thanksgiving and eternal praise !
As children of thy gracious care,
We veil the eye, we bend the knee,
With broken words of praise and prayer,
Father and God, we come to thee.

For thou hast heard, O God of right,
The sighing of the hapless slave ;
And stretched for him the arm of might,
Not shortened that it could not save.

The laborer sits beneath his vine,
 The shackled soul and hand are free;—
 Thanksgiving! — for the work is thine!
 Praise! — for the blessing is of thee.

Speed on thy work, Lord God of hosts!
 And when the bondsman's chain is riven,
 And swells from all our country's coasts
 The anthem of the free to heaven,
 O, not to those whom thou hast led,
 As with thy cloud and fire before,
 But unto thee, in fear and dread,
 Be praise and glory evermore.

J. G. Whittier.



PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD.

A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill;
 The Lord is advancing; prepare ye the way!
 The word of his promise he comes to fulfil,
 And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.

Bring down the proud mountain, though towering to heaven,
 And be the low valley exalted on high;
 The rough path and crooked be made smooth and even,
 He cometh! our King, our Redeemer is nigh.

The beams of salvation his progress illume,
The lone, dreary wilderness sings of her God ;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches abroad.

Drummond. 1585–1649.



O PPRESSION shall not always reign ;
There comes a brighter day,
When freedom, burst from every chain,
Shall have triumphant way.
Then right shall over might prevail,
And truth, like hero armed in mail,
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

What voice shall bid the progress stay
Of truth's victorious car ?
What arm arrest the growing day,
Or quench the solar star ?
What reckless soul, though stout and strong,
Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
Oppression's guilty night prolong,
And freedom's morning bar ?

The hour of triumph comes apace,
The fated, promised hour,

When earth upon a ransomed race
 Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell !
Bid high thy sacred banner swell !
Let trump on trump the triumph tell
 Of Heaven's redeeming power.

Rev. H. Ware, Jr.



O UT of the dark the circling sphere
 Is rounding onward to the light ;
We see not yet the full day here,
But we do see the paling night ;

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,
And Love, that courage reinspires,—
These stars have been above us still.

O sentinels ! whose tread we heard,
Through long hours when we could not see,
Pause now ; exchange with cheer the word,
The unchanging watchword,—Liberty !

Look backward, how much has been won !
Look round, how much is yet to win !
The watches of the night are done ;
The watches of the day begin.

O Thou, whose mighty patience holds
The day and night alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds,
O keep us steadfast, patient, true !

Rev. S. Longfellow.



CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought ! be up and stirring
Night and day !
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way !
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As ye may !
There 's a fount about to stream ;
There 's a light about to beam ;
There 's a warmth about to glow ;
There 's a flower about to blow ;
There 's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way !

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day ?

What the evil that shall perish
In its ray ?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;
Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
Aid it, paper ; aid it, type ;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe ;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.

Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way !

Lo ! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day ;
Lo ! the right's about to conquer, —
Clear the way !

And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.

With that right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door ;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.

Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way !

Charles Mackay.

O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair :
Why thus secure on hostile ground ?
Thy King commands thee to beware,
For many foes thy camp surround.

The trumpet gives a martial strain :
O Israel, gird thee for the fight !
Arise, the combat to maintain,
And put thine enemies to flight !

Thou shouldst not sleep as others do ;
Awake ; be vigilant ; be brave !
The coward and the sluggard too
Must wear the fetters of the slave.

A nobler lot is cast for thee ;
A kingdom waits thee in the skies :
With such a hope, shall Israel flee,
Or yield, through weariness, the prize ?

No ! let a careless world repose
And slumber on through life's short day,
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away !

Thomas Kelly. 1806.

BE STRONG, FEAR NOT.

PRISONERS of hope ! be strong, be bold ;
Cast off your doubts, disdain to fear !
The day which prophets have foretold,
And saints have longed for, draweth near :
Our God shall in his kingdom come ;
Prepare your hearts to make him room !

O ye of fearful hearts, be strong !
Your downcast eyes and hands lift up,
Doubt not, nor cry, "O God, how long ?"
Hope to the end, in patience hope !
O, never from your faith remove ;
Ye cannot fail, for God is love !

Lord, we have faith ; we wait the hour
Which to the earth thy kingdom brings ;
When thou, in love and joy and power,
Shalt come and make us priests and kings ;
When man shall be indeed thy son,
And thy pure will on earth be done.

A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife ;
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun ;
Behold the Christian's life !

Prepared the trumpet's call to greet,
Soldier of Jesus, stand !
Pilgrim of Christ, with ready feet
Await thy Lord's command.

The hosts of Satan pant for spoil ;
How can thy warfare close ?
Lonely, thou treadst a foreign soil ;
How canst thou hope repose ?

Seek, soldier ! pilgrim ! seek thine home,
Revealed in sacred lore ;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more ; —

Where grief shall never wound, nor death
Disturb the Saviour's reign ;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane ; —

Where founts of life their treasures yield
In streams that never cease ;
Where everlasting mountains shield
Vales of eternal peace :

Where they who meet shall never part ;
Where grace achieves its plan ;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

Thomas Gisborne. 1803.



LUTHER'S PRAYER.

OUR God, our Father, with us stay,
And make us keep thy narrow way ;
Free us from sin and all its power ;
Give us a joyful dying hour ;
Deliver us from Satan's arts,
And let us build our hopes on thee,
Down in our very heart of hearts !
O God, may we true servants be,
And serve thee ever perfectly.
Help us, with all thy children here,
To fight and flee with holy fear ;

Flee from temptation, and to fight
With thine own weapons for the right ;
Amen ! Amen ! so let it be !
So shall we ever sing to Thee,
 Hallelujah !

1483-1501.



CHRISTMAS.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold,—
“Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From Heaven’s all-gracious King” :
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world :
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring :
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
O, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Rev. E. H. Sears.

THE WORD.

IN the beginning was the Word :
Athwart the chaos-night
It gleamed with quick creative power,
And there was life and light.

Thy Word, O God ! is living yet,
Amid earth's restless strife,
New harmony creating still,
And ever higher life.

And as that Word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams farther out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.

O Word that broke the stillness first,
Sound on ! and never cease,
Till all Earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord peace !

Till — wail of woe and clank of chain
And bruit of battle stilled —
The world with thy great music's pulse,
O Word of Love ! be thrilled ; —

Till selfish passion, strife, and wrong
Thy summons shall have heard,
And thy creation be complete,
O Thou Eternal Word !

Rev. S. Longfellow.



PEACE ON EARTH.

O FOR the coming of the end,
The last long Sabbath day of time,
When peace from heaven shall descend,
Like light on every clime.

For men in ships far off at sea
Shall hear the happy nations raise
The song of peace and liberty,
And overflowing praise.

Mankind shall be one brotherhood ;
One human soul shall fill the earth,
And God shall say, "The world is good
As when I gave it birth."

CHRIST

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe,—

We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes; thou art still the Life, thou art the Way
The holiest know; Light, Life, the Way of heaven!
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

Rev. Theodore Parker.



THE POWER OF JESUS.

S TRONG-SOULED Reformer, whose far-seeing faith
Of lifted cry and tumult had no need,—

Who stayedſt the lightnings of thy holy wrath
With pitying love, to spare the bruised reed,—
Thy will to save, thy strength to conquer, flowed
From seas of tenderness and might in God.

Thy living word sprang from the heart of man
Eternal word of love and liberty :
Fearless thou gav'ſt it to the winds again ;
'T was Manhood's native tongue, and could not die.
To thy dear brotherhood life's pulses leap ;
And wakening ages answer, deep to deep.

Rev. S. Johnson.



AFFLICTION.



BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

FROM lips divine, like healing balm
To hearts oppressed and torn,
The heavenly consolation fell,
“Blessed are they that mourn.”

Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed
A noble faith succeeds ;
And life, by trials furrowed, bears
The fruit of loving deeds.

How rich, how sweet, how full of strength,
Our human spirits are,
Baptized into the sanctities
Of suffering and of prayer !

Yes, heavenly wisdom, love divine,
Breathed through the lips which said,
“O blessed are the hearts that mourn ;
They shall be comforted.”

THE GUIDING HAND.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord." — PSALM IV. 22.

I S this the way, my Father? 'T is, my child.
I Thou must pass through this tangled, dreary wild,
If thou wouldest reach the city, undefiled,
 Thy peaceful home above.

But enemies are round! Yes, child, I know
That where thou least expectest thou 'lt find a foe;
But victor thou shalt prove o'er all below,
 Only seek strength above.

My Father, it is dark! Child, take my hand,
Cling close to me; I'll lead thee through the land;
Trust my all-seeing care; so shalt thou stand
 'Midst glory bright above.

My footsteps seem to slide! Child, only raise
Thine eye to me, then in these slippery ways
I will hold up thy goings; thou shalt praise
 Me for each step above.

O Father, I am weary! Child, lean thy head
Upon my breast. It was my love that spread
Thy rugged path; hope on, till I have said,
 "Rest, rest for aye, above."

A FIRST SORROW.

A RISE ! this day shall shine,
Forevermore,
To thee a star divine,
On Time's dark shore.

Till now thy soul has been
All glad and gay :
Bid it awake, and look
At grief to-day !

No shade has come between
Thee and the sun ;
Like some long childish dream
Thy life has run :

But now the stream has reached
A dark, deep sea,
And Sorrow, dim and crowned,
Is waiting thee.

Each of God's soldiers bears
A sword divine :
Stretch out thy trembling hands
To-day for thine !

To each anointed Priest
God's summons came:
O soul, He speaks to-day,
And calls thy name.

Then, with flow, reverent step,
And beating heart,
From out thy joyous days
Thou must depart,

And, leaving all behind,
Come forth alone,
To join the chosen band
Around the throne.

Raise up thine eyes,—be strong,
Nor cast away
The crown that God has given
Thy soul to-day!

Miss A. A. Procter.



“ONLY A YEAR.”

ONE year ago,—a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year,—no voice, no smile,
 No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
 Fair but to die!

One year ago,—what loves, what schemes
 Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
 What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
 The burial stone,
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,
 Remain alone!

One year,—one year,—one little year,—
 And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
 Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
 Above that head;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
 Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
 That sing above
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
 The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved ?
 What hast thou seen ?
 What visions fair, what glorious life,
 Where thou hast been ?

The veil ! the veil ! so thin, so strong !
 'Twixt us and thee ;
 The mystic veil ! when shall it fall,
 That we may see ?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone ;
 But present still,
 And waiting for the coming hour
 Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
 Our Saviour dear !
 We lay in silence at thy feet
 This sad, sad year !

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.



DISCIPLINE.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning Providence
 He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

William Cowper. 1779.

BE STILL!

PEACE ! Be still !
In this night of sorrow bow,
O my heart, contend not thou !
What befalls thee is God's will,—
Peace ! Be still !

Peace ! Be still !
All thy murmuring words are vain,—
God will make the riddle plain :
Wait his word, and bear his will,—
Peace ! Be still !

Hold thee still !
Though the Father scourge thee sore,
Cling thou to him all the more,
Let him mercy's work fulfil !
Hold thee still !

Hold thee still !
Though the good Physician's knife
Seem to touch thy very life,
Death alone he means to kill,
Hold thee still !

Lord, my God !
Give me grace, that I may be
Thy true child, and silently
Own thy sceptre and thy rod,
Lord, my God !

Shepherd mine !
From thy fulness give me still
Faith to do and bear Thy will,
Till the morning light shall shine,—
Shepherd mine !

From the German.



HOLY TEARS.

YES, thou mayst weep, for Jesus shed
Such tears as those thou sheddest now,
When for the living or the dead
Sorrow lay heavy on his brow.

He sees thee weep, yet doth not blame
The weakness of thy flesh and heart ;
Thy human nature is the same
As that in which he took a part.

He knows its weakness, for he felt
The crushing power of pain and woe,

How body, soul, and spirit melt,
And faint beneath the stunning blow.

What if poor sinners count thy grief
The sign of an unchastened will?
He who can give thy soul relief
Knows that thou art submissive still.

Turn thee to Him, to Him alone;
For all that our poor lips can say
To soothe thee, broken-hearted one,
Would fail to comfort thee to-day.

We will not speak to thee, but fit
In prayerful silence by thy side:
Grief has its ebbs and flows; 't is fit
Our love should wait the ebbing tide.

Jesus himself will comfort thee,
In his own time, in his own way;
And haply more than "two or three"
Unite in prayer for thee to-day.



ALL, ALL IS KNOWN TO THEE.

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path." — PSALM cxlii. 3.

MY God, whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling thee Father, sweet, endearing name !
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to Thee.

From human eye 't is better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel ;
But oh ! the thought does tranquillize and heal,—
All, all is known to Thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin,
Each sickening fear I ne'er the prize shall win,
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,—
All, all are known to Thee.

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned,—
Each drop that fills my daily cup ; thy hand
Prescribes for ills none else can understand.
All, all is known to Thee.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,
 When I recall the Son of thy dear love ;
 The cup thou wouldest not for *our* sakes remove,
 That cup he drank for *me*.

And welcome, precious can his Spirit make
 My little drop of suffering for his sake.

Father, the cup I drink, the path I take,—
 All, all is known to Thee.

Adelaide L. Newton.

THE ETERNAL YEARS.

“While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal.” — 2 Cor. iv. 18

HOW shalt thou bear the cross that now
 So dread a weight appears ?
 Keep quietly to God, and think
 Upon the Eternal Years.

Austerity is little help,
 Although it somewhat cheers ;
 Thine oil of gladness is the thought
 Of the Eternal Years.

Set hours and written rule are good,
Long prayer can lay our fears ;
But it is better calm for thee
To count the Eternal Years.

Oh ! many things are good for souls,
In proper times and spheres ;
Thy present good is in the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
Though meekness it appears ;
More humbling is it far for thee
To face the Eternal Years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears ;
Learn to be real from the thought
Of the Eternal Years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears ;
Kiss the sweet Cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the Eternal Years.

Thy Cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears ;
For there is hid in it the weight
Of the Eternal Years.

And knowst thou not how bitterness
An ailing spirit cheers?
Thy medicine is the strengthening thought
Of the Eternal Years.

One Cross can sanctify a soul;
Late saints and ancient seers
Were what they were because they mused
Upon the Eternal Years.

Death will have rainbows round it seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil Hope but trims her lamp
At the Eternal Years.

Frederick Faber.



“WHAT ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?”

WHAT are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song:
“Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour.”

These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear,
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

James Montgomery. 1803-1853.



"Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer." — PROV. xxv. 4.

SICKNESS is a school severe,
Where the soul, (in childhood here,)
Wayward, 'neath a milder sway,
Learns to think, and learns to pray.

Blest and wise its discipline,
There the teacher is divine.

Wert thou thoughtless, led away
By each folly of the day?
Cleaving to the things of earth,
Mindless of thy heavenly birth?
Bless the hours which broke their spell,
Made thee sick to make thee well.

Wert thou selfish, thinking not
On the starving sufferer's lot?
Fed with dainties, gayly dressed,
Wert thou by the poor unblessed?
Now for sufferers thou wilt feel,
God has wounded but to heal.

Wert thou fretful, harsh, unkind,
Finding nothing to thy mind?
Though with countless mercies blest,
Never thankful, ne'er at rest?
Sickness comes to purge thy dross,
Prove thy gain, and not thy loss.

Wert thou proud, exalted high
By affluence, station, ancestry?
Oft with supercilious ken
Glancing at thy fellow-men?
God now strips thee, lays thee low,
All thy nothingness to show.

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Dwelt thy soul at ease, assured
All was well, and heaven secured ?
Didst thou need no better dress
Than thy fancied righteousness ?
Sickness comes to probe thy heart,
Comes to show thee what thou art.

Is the one thing needed most
That which scarce thy mind has crossed ?
Hast thou earthly science prized,
But the themes of heaven despised ?
God now warns thee, thus he saith :
“ Soul, awake, thy sleep is death ! ”

Charlotte Elliott.



BEREAVEMENT.

FLOW on, thou Fountain of my joy,
Through all the wilderness !
Thou seest what will work for good,
Thou knowest how to bless.
Get thyself glory, O my God,
Be praised in my distress !

O, let Thy true, refining love
Its utmost pleasure see ;

And lift not up Thy faithful hand
Whate'er my cry may be,
Till I am strong for Thy renown,
And pure for use to Thee.

I know Thine eye has weighed the path
To Thy lost creature's bliss.
No comfort could supply the need
Of grief so sore as this ;
No joy could wake my heart so well
To Thy full preciousness.

Thou wast the Source of all that love
Which makes me glad no more, —
And Thou hast taken to Thyself
What was Thine own before.
Thine, and mine too, O Good to give,
O Faithful to restore.

That loving spirit is withdrawn
From every shade of sin ;
And I in sympathy with her
A holier life begin.
Yes ! to her new delight in Thee,
I, Lord, can enter in.

She with Thee, wheresoe'er Thou art,
In fellowship untold !
She in Thee, living by my Bread,
My Hope, my heart's stronghold !

Oh! 't is a song for days of grief,
Whate'er their depths unfold.

As one whose mother comforts him,
I will lift up my head.
No wound of Thine shall take the life
From words which Thou hast said,
And in the fulness of Thy truth
I shall be comforted.

Miss A. L. Waring.



"GOD DOTH NOT LEAVE HIS OWN."

GOD doth not leave his own!
The night of weeping for a time may last;
Then, tears all past,
His going forth shall as the morning shine;
The sunrise of his favor shall be thine,—
God doth not leave his own.

God doth not leave his own!
Though "few and evil" all their days appear,
Though grief and fear
Come in the train of earth and hell's dark crowd,
The trusting heart says, even in the cloud,
God doth not leave his own.

God doth not leave his own !
This sorrow in their life he doth permit,
Yea, useth it
To speed his children on their heavenward way,—
He guides the winds.—Faith, Hope and Love all say
God doth not leave his own.



FAITH.

WE will not weep ; for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight ;
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint,—if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear,
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,
We shall be braver for the past despair.

O, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending ;
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last,—
All its best hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
Life shall be with us when the Death is past.

Help us, O Father ! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend,—

Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness—till the joyful end.

W. H. Hurlburt.



WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?

AH! why should bitter tears be shed
In sorrow o'er the mounded sod,
When verily there are no dead
Of all the children of our God?

They who are lost to outward sense
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And, clothed in heavenly radiance,
Attend us on our lowly way.

And oft their spirits breathe in ours
The hope and strength and love of theirs,
Which bloom as bloom the early flowers
In breath of summer's viewless airs.

And silent aspirations start,
In promptings of their purer thought,
Which gently lead the troubled heart
To joys not even Hope had wrought.

While sorrow's tears our eyes have wet,
Shed o'er the consecrated dust,
Too much our darkened souls forget
The lessons of enduring Trust.

Let living Faith serenely pour
Her sunlight on our pathway dim,
And Death can have no terrors more ;
But holy Joy shall walk with him.

G. S. Burleigh.



THERE is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye ;
Where true love shall not droop nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die !
Where is that land, O where ?
For I would hasten there !
Tell me, I fain would go,
For I am wearied with a heavy woe !
The beautiful have left me all alone :
The true, the tender, from my path are gone !
O, guide me with thy hand,
If thou dost know the land,
For I am burthened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair !

Where is it? tell me where?
Thou that art kind and gentle, tell me where?

Friend, thou must trust in him who trod before
The desolate paths of life;

Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
Sorrow, and pain, and strife!
Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths hath trod;
Think how he longed to go,

Yet tarried out for thee the appointed woe:
Think of his weariness in places dim,
When no man comforted nor cared for him!

Think of the blood-like sweat
With which his brow was wet,
Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone,
In that great agony, "Thy will be done!"
Friend, do not thou despair,
Christ from his heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer!

From the German of Uhland. 1804.



THE INVITATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice,
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn ;
Here repose your heavy care !
Conscience wounded who can bear ?

Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure ;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Barbauld. 1825.



"THAT YE THROUGH HIS POVERTY MIGHT BE RICH."

O 'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest ;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind ;
And on his lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks He not a home of rest ?
Why seeks He not a pillow'd bed ?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest ;
He hath not where to lay his head.

Such was the lot He freely chose,
To bless, to save, the human race ;
And through His poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

Russell.



CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE IN SUFFERING.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
Watch with him one bitter hour :

Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned :
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete :
“ It is finished,” hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom :
Who has taken him away ?
Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes :
Saviour, teach us so to rise !

J. Montgomery. 1803-1853.

FELLOWSHIP IN SUFFERING.

"That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings." — PHILIPPIANS iii. 10.

HUMBLY while my soul doth prove
Sweetest joys of pardoning love,
Still, my Saviour, doth it yearn
Love's deep mystery to learn,
In the shadow of Thy cross
Counting earthly gain but loss,
Breathing still its fervent plea
For a closer life with Thee,
By that high and holy thing,
Fellowship in suffering.

O my Lord, the Crucified !
Who for love of me hast died,
Mould me by Thy living breath
To the likeness of Thy death ;
While the thorns Thy brows entwine,
Let no flower-wreath rest on mine.
In Thy hands the cruel nail,
Blood-sweat on Thy forehead pale ;
Clasp me to Thy wounded side,
O my Lord the Crucified !

Hands, love-clasped through charméd hours,
Feet that press the bruisé flowers,
Is there aught for you to dare
That ye may His signet bear?
In this easy, painless life,
Free from struggle, care, and strife,
Ever on my doubting breast
Lies the shadow of unrest;
This no path that Jesus trod;
Can the smooth way lead to God?

But when chastening stripes descend,
Welcoming as friend doth friend,
Thy dear tokens, Lord, I know,
And to Thee unerring go;
Blessed tears flow warm and free,
Thou dost love me, — even me.
Pomp and ease, and praise of men,
All are loathed and scornéd then,
Since my Lord, my Love, hath died,
Mocked and scourged and crucified.

By the agony and pain
Of the torture-stricken brain,
By the riches of Thy love,
Let not suffering barren prove;
Pledge and emblem 't would remain
Of the dark and sullen pain,

Where nor love nor good doth live,
And the blessed word “forgive”
Comes not with its subtle art,
Softening, healing, any heart.

In the little islet Time
Of Eternity sublime,
Standing on the sloping brink,
Let me of Thy chalice drink,
Be baptized with Thy baptism,
And be crowned with Thy love-chrism ;
Slain with Thee in darkest hour,
Feel Thy resurrection power,
Till where Thou art I may be,
Perfected, dear Lord, with Thee !

Christian Mirror.



D EEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are earnests of serener years.

O, there are days of hope and rest
For every dark and troubled night !
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who o'er thy friend's low bier
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny ;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each anguished day,
And numbered every secret tear ;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

Wm. C. Bryant.



FATHER, when o'er our trembling hearts
Doubt's shadows gathering brood,
When faith in Thee almost departs,
And gloomiest fears intrude,

Forsake us not, O God of grace,
 But send those fears relief;
Grant us again to see Thy face;
 Lord, help our unbelief.

When sorrow comes, and joys are flown,
 And fondest hopes lie dead,
And blessings, long esteemed our own,
 Are now forever fled,—
When the bright promise of our spring
 Is but a withered leaf,—
Lord, to thy truths still let us cling;
 Help Thou our unbelief.

And when the powers of nature fail
 Upon the couch of pain,
Nor love nor friendship can avail
 The spirit to detain,
Then, Father, be our closing eyes
 Undimmed by tears of grief;
And if a trembling doubt arise,
 Help Thou our unbelief.

Rev. S. G. Bulfinch.

THE REQUEST.

O THOU who didst deny to me
This world's adored felicity,
And every big, imperious lust,
Which fools admire in sinful dust
With those fine subtle twists that tie
Their bundles of foul gallantry,—
Keep still my weak eyes from the shine
Of those gay things which are not Thine !
And shut my ears against the noise
Of wicked, though applauded, joys !
For Thou in any land hast stote
Of shades and coverts for Thy poor ;
Where from the busy dust and heat,
As well as storms, they may retreat.
A rock or bush are downy beds,
When Thou art there, crowning their heads
With secret blessings, or a tire
Made of the Comforter's live fire.
And when Thy goodness, in the dress
Of anger, will not seem to bless,
Yet dost Thou give them that rich rain,
Which, as it drops, clears all again.
O what kind visits daily pass
'Twixt Thy great self and such poor grass !

With what sweet looks doth Thy love shine
On those low violets of Thine,
While the tall tulip is accurst,
And crown-imperials die with thirst !
O give me still those secret meals,
Those rare repasts which Thy love deals !
Give me that joy which none can grieve,
And which in all griefs doth relieve.
This is the portion Thy child begs ;
Not that of rust, and rags, and dregs.

Henry Vaughan. 1622–1695.



AFFLICTION.

“For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.” — **HEBREWS xxii. 6.**

WHOO, that a watcher doth remain
Beside a couch of mortal pain,
Deems he can ever smile again ?

Or who that weeps beside a bier
Counts he has any more to fear
From the world’s flatteries false, and leer ?

And yet anon and he doth start
At the light toys in which his heart
Can now already claim its part.

O heart of ours ! so weak and poor,
That nothing there can long endure ;
And so their hurts find shameful cure,—

While every sadder, wiser thought,
Each holier aim which sorrow brought,
Fades quite away, and comes to naught.

O Thou who dost our weakness know,
Watch for us, that the strong hours so
Not wean us from our wholesome woe.

Grant Thou that we may long retain
The wholesome memories of pain,
Nor wish to lose them soon again.

Richard Chenevix Trench.



PATIENCE.



LIFE SPRINGING FROM DEATH.

THE seed must die before the corn appears
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears.

Low have these ears before the sickle lain,
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.

The grain is crushed before the bread is made,
And the bread broke ere life to man conveyed.

O be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed, and to be broken so,

If thou upon God's table mayst be bread,
Life-giving food for souls an hungeréd.

R. C. Trench.

A CITY THAT HATH FOUNDATIONS.

THEREFORE, O friend ! I would not, if I might,
Rebuild my house of lies wherein I joyed
One time to dwell ; my soul shall walk in white,
Cast down, but not destroyed.

Therefore in patience I possess my soul ;
Yea, therefore as a flint I set my face,
To pluck down, to build up again the whole, —
But in a distant place.

The thorns are sharp, yet I can tread on them ;
The cup is bitter, yet He makes it sweet ;
My face is steadfast toward Jerusalem,
My heart remembers it.

I lift the hanging hands, the feeble knees, —
I, precious more than seven times molten gold, —
Until the day when from his storehouses
God shall bring new and old.

Beauty for ashes, oil of joy for grief,
Garment of praise for spirit of heaviness ;
Although to-day I fade as doth a leaf,
I languish and grow less.

Although to-day He prunes my twigs with pain,
Yet doth His blood nourish and warm my root ;
To-morrow I shall put forth buds again,
And clothe myself with fruit.

Although to-day I walk in tedious ways,—
To-day His staff is turned into a rod,—
Yet will I wait for Him the appointed days,
And stay upon my God.

Christina Rossetti.



VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

THROUGH night to light !— And though to mortal
eyes
Creation's face a pall of horror wear,
Good cheer ! good cheer ! The gloom of midnight flies ;
Then shall a sunrise follow, mild and fair.

Through storm to calm !— And though His thunder-car
The rumbling tempest drive through earth and sky,
Good cheer ! good cheer ! The elemental war
Tells that a blessed healing hour is nigh.

Through frost to spring !— And though the biting blast
Of Eurus stiffen Nature's juicy veins,
Good cheer ! good cheer ! When winter's wrath is past,
Soft, murmuring spring breathes sweetly o'er the plains.

Through strife to peace!—And though, with bristling front,
A thousand frightful deaths encompass thee,
Good cheer! good cheer! Brave thou the battle's brunt,
For the peace-march and song of victory.

Through sweat to sleep!—And though the sultry noon
With heavy, drooping wing oppress thee now,
Good cheer! good cheer! The cool of evening soon
Shall lull to sweet repose thy weary brow.

Through cross to crown!—And though thy spirit's life
Trials untold assail with giant strength,
Good cheer! good cheer! Soon ends the bitter strife,
And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.

Through woe to joy!—And though at morn thou weep,
And though the midnight finds thee weeping still,
Good cheer! good cheer! The Shepherd loves his sheep:
Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

Through death to life!—And through this vale of tears,
And through this thistle-field of life, ascend
To the great supper in that world whose years
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end.

Kosegarten.

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Creator ! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of Thee.

O, let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn, —
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my God ! one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

William Cowper. 1779.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

MY God, my Father! while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me "be still," and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer, divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done!"

Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God! to thee I leave the rest,—
“Thy will be done!”

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
“Thy will be done!”

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
“Thy will be done!”

Charlotte Elliott.



JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldest only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight
May be a token that below

The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face !

The fall thou darest to despise,—
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand ;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost ; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain ;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days !

Miss A. A. Procter.



HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

WITHOUT haste ! without rest !
Bind the motto to thy breast ;
Bear it with thee as a spell ;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well !

Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb !

Haste not ! let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed !
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might !
Haste not ! years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not ! life is sweeping by,
Go and dare before you die :
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time !
Glorious 't is to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not ! rest not ! calmly wait ;
Meekly bear the storms of fate !
Duty be thy polar guide, —
Do the right, whate'er betide !
Haste not ! rest not ! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

From the German of Goethe. 1768.



P R A Y E R.

EXHORTATION TO PRAYER.

NOT on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed
Compose thy weary limbs to rest;

For they alone are blest
With balmy sleep
Whom angels keep ;
Nor, though by care oppressed,
Or anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eye shall close,
That earthly cares and woes

To thee may e'er return ?
Arouse, my soul !
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly ;
So shall thine eyes discern

Things pure and slighty ;
Taught by the spirit ; learn
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
That calls for holy prayer ?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow ?
And art thou sure to-morrow
Will be like this, and more
Abundant ? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
And still make plans for more ?
Thou fool ! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep,
And when storms sweep
The wintry, lowering sky,
For whom thou wak'st and weepest ?
O when thy pangs are deepest,
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer !
For He that slumbereth not is there :
His ear is open to thy cry.
O, then, on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head !

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber!

Till in communion blest

With the elect ye rest,

Those souls of countless number;

And with them raise

The note of praise,

Reaching from earth to Heaven:

Chosen, redeemed, forgiven!

So lay thy happy head,

Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed.

Margaret Mercer.



PRAYER.

"I will, therefore, that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting." — 1 Tim. ii. 8.

BE not afraid to pray,—to pray is right.

Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,

Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;

Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.

Far is the time, remote from human sight,

When war and discord on the earth shall cease;

Yet every prayer for universal peace

Avails the blessed time to expedite.

Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,

Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;

Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be ;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

Hartley Coleridge. 1840.



THE PRAYERS I MAKE.

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray ;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed ;
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed
That quickens only where Thou sayst it may.
Unless Thou show to us Thy own true way,
No man can find it : Father ! Thou must lead ;
Do Thou then breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread ;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing to Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastinglly !

Michel Angelo. Transl. by Wordsworth. 1474 - 1564.

PRAYER.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear :
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must, draw near.

Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go ?

God of all grace, we come to Thee
With broken, contrite hearts ;
Give what Thine eye delights to see,—
Truth in the inward parts.

Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear Thy voice and live ;

Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee, though Thou slay.

Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus, strengthened with all might,
We, by Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

James Montgomery. 1803-1853.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.

If any be distressed, and fain would gather
Some comfort, let him haste unto
Our Father.

For we of hope and help are quite bereaven
Except Thou succor us

Who art in Heaven.

Thou shovest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise Thee, singing,

Hallowed be Thy name.

Of all our miseries cast up the sum;
Show us Thy joys, and let
Thy kingdom come.

We mortal are, and alter from our birth;

Thou constant art,

Thy will be done on earth.

Thou madest the earth as well as planets seven.

Thy name be blessed here

As 't is in Heaven.

Nothing we have to use or debts to pay,
Except Thou give it us.

Give us this day
Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without Thee we want
 Our daily bread.

We want, but we want no faults, for no day passes
But we do sin,—

 Forgive us our trespasses.
No man from finning ever free did live ;
Forgive us, Lord, our sins,
 As we forgive.

If we repent our faults, Thou ne'er disdainest us ;
We pardon them

 That trespass against us ;
Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us ;
Direct us always in Thy faith,
 And lead us —

We, Thine own people and Thy chosen nation —
Into all truth, but
 Not into temptation.

Thou that of all good graces art the giver,
Suffer us not to wander,
 But deliver

Us from the fierce assaults of world and devil
And flesh, so shalt Thou free us
 From all evil.

To these petitions let both church and laymen,
With one consent of heart and voice, say
 Amen.

COME, let us pray : 't is sweet to feel
That God himself is near ;
That, while we at his footstool kneel,
His mercy deigns to hear :
Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,
This is our solace,— let us pray.

Come, let us pray : the burning brow,
The heart oppressed with care,
And all the woes that throng us now,
Will be relieved by prayer :
Our God will chase our griefs away ;
O glorious thought !— come, let us pray.

Come, let us pray : the mercy-seat
Invites the fervent prayer ;
Our Heavenly Father waits to greet
The contrite spirit there :
O loiter not, nor longer stay
From Him who loves us ;— let us pray.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

MY God ! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer ?

Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

Then is my strength by Thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find ;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear ;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Charlotte Elliott.

O LORD, turn not Thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry ;
Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin ;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

We need not to confess our fault,
For surely Thou canst tell
What we have done, and what we are
Thou knowest very well :
Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When Thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have ?
Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer ;
O let Thy mercy come !

Variation by Bishop Heber. 1827.

From John Mardly. 1562.

O HELP us, Lord ! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succor give ;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live !

O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more !

O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

If strangers to Thy fold we call,
Imploring at Thy feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'T is all we dare entreat.

But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this :
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light and life and bliss.

O help us, Jesus, from on high!

We know no help but Thee:

O help us so to live and die

As Thine in heaven to be!

H. H. Milman. 1827.



THE POWER OF TRUST.

M Y God! in life's most doubtful hour,
In sharpest pains of death,

Who waits on Thee hath peace and power,
Thou present help of faith!

Thy crown of joy upon his head,

Thy light upon his face,

Through storms and strife thy Christ could tread
On to the happy place.

And though the cross were sharp and high,

The lifted Lord could see

The souls he loved drawn nearer by

His love's last energy.

Help me, O God! to seek, to win,

Through struggles and through prayer,

The faith which frees my soul from sin,

And brings Thy blessing there.

So shall my cross of conquered shame
My fainting brothers raise ;
So Thy triumphant mercy flame
Around my path of praise.

And earth, with all its pain and toil,
By love's pure presence blest,
Shall wear the calm, celestial smile
Of heaven's eternal rest.

W. H. Hurlburt.



HABITUAL DEVOTION.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
To Thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart shall rest on Thee.

Miss H. M. Williams. 1762-1827.



ON LEAVING HOME FOR A MILDER CLIMATE.

" My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." — *Exodus xxxiii. 14.*

THIS gracious promise, Lord, fulfil,
Now that I leave a home so dear ;
My soul's sweet home is present still,
If Thou art near.

Beneath thy wings if I remain,
My home! my hiding-place! my rest!

Sheltered, and safe, and free from pain,
My soul is blest.

Thy presence fills my mind with peace,
Brightens the thoughts so dark erewhile,
Bids cares and sad forebodings cease,
Makes all things smile.

This striking of my pilgrim tent
No longer mournful will appear,
If Thy reviving presence lent
The traveller cheer.

The spacious earth is all thine own ;
What land soe'er my steps invite,
That land thine eye will rest upon,
By day, by night.

Whether again my home I see,
Or yield on foreign shores my breath,
Take not thy presence, Lord, from me,
In life or death !

In thee, my hiding-place divine,
Be rest throughout life's journeyings given :
Then sweeter, holier rest be mine,
With Thee in heaven !

Charlotte Elliott.

PRAYER IN DESPONDENCY.

B OWNED 'neath the load of human ill,
Our spirits droop and are dismayed;
O Thou that saideſt, "Peace, be ſtill,"
To the wild ſea, and waſt obeyed,
Speak comfortable words of peace
And bid the ſpirit's tumult ceafe!

We ask not length of days, nor ease,
Nor gold; but for Thy mercy's ſake,
Give us Thy joy, surpassing these,
Which the world gives not, nor can take:
And count it not for ſin that we
At times despond, or turn from Thee.

From Mary Howitt's "Seven Temptations."



ABIDE IN ME, AND I IN YOU.

T HAT mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me!
Weary with ſtriving and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee !

From this good hour, O leave me never more !
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The lifelong bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me,—o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin ;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine :

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand divine.
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.

Abide in me: there have been moments pure,
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy power ;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare ;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be :
I pray Thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

I N the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
Sick at heart and sick at head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When, God knows, I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

Robert Herrick. 1648.

CONSECRATION.

FROM my lips in their defilement,
From my heart in its beguilement,
From my tongue, which speaks not fair,
From my soul, stained everywhere,—
O my Jesus, take my prayer !
Spurn me not, for all it says,—
Not for words and not for ways,
Not for shamelessness endued !
Make me brave to speak my mood,
O my Jesus, as I would,
Or teach me (which I rather seek)
What to do and what to speak.
I have sinned more than she
Who, learning where to meet with Thee,
And bringing myrrh, the highest priced,
Anointed bravely, from her knee
Thy blessed feet accordingly.
My God, my Lord, my Christ,
As thou saideſt not, “Depart,”
To that suppliant from her heart,
Scorn me not, O Word, that art
The gentleſt one of all words said !
But give thy feet to me instead,

That tenderly I may them kiss,
And clasp them close, and never miss,
With over-dropping tears, as free
And precious as that myrrh could be,
T' anoint them bravely from my knee !
Wash me with thy tears ! draw nigh me,
That their salt may purify me !
Thou remit my sins, who knowest
All the finning, to the lowest, —
Knowest all my wounds, and seest
All the stripes thyself decreest ;
Yea, but knowest all my faith, —
Seest all my force to death, —
Hearest all my wailings low
That mine evil should be so.

Nothing hidden but appears
In thy knowledge, O Divine,
O Creator, Saviour mine !

Not a drop of falling tears,
Not a breath of inward moan,
Not a heart-beat which is gone.

*From the Greek of St. Joannes Damascenus,
translated by E. B. Browning.*

JESUS, cast a look on me ;
Give me sweet simplicity,
Make me poor and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know.

Weanéd from my lordly self,
Weanéd from the miser's pelf,
Weanéd from the scorner's ways,
Weanéd from the lust of praise :

All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside ;
Bid my will to Thine submit ;
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.

Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled,
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might,

Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest ;
Feeling well the peace of God
Flowing from Thy gracious Blood !

In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give ;
In this temper let me die,
And hosannas ever cry !

John Berridge. 1785.



GRACIOUS SPIRIT
GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would tender be,
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour,
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would quiet be,—
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made,
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would mighty be,—
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me ;
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee !

T. T. Lynch. 1855.



PRAY FOR ME!

I BEG of you, I beg of you, my brothers,
For my need is very sore,
Not for gold and not for silver do I ask you,
But for something even more :

From the depths of your hearts pity let it be,—
Pray for me!

I beg of you whose robes of radiant whiteness
Have been kept without a stain ;
Of you who, stung to death by serpent pleasure,
Found the healing angel pain :
Whether holy or forgiven you may be,—
Pray for me !

I beg of you calm souls whose wondering pity
Looks at paths you never trod :
I beg of you who suffer,— for all sorrow
Must be very near to God,—
And the need is even greater than you see,—
Pray for me !

I beg of you, O children, for He loves you,
And He loves your prayers the best :
Fold your little hands together, and ask Jesus
That the weary may have rest,
That a bird caught in a net may be set free,—
Pray for me !

I beg of you who stand before the altar,
Whose anointed hands upraise
All the sin and all the sorrow of the ages,
All the love and all the praise,
And the glory which was always and shall be,—
Pray for me !

I beg of you,—of you who through life's battle
 Our dear Lord has set apart,
That, while we who love the peril are made captives,
 Still the Church may have its heart
Which is fettered that our souls may be set free,—
 Pray for me !

I beg of you, I beg of you, my brothers,
 For an alms this very day,
I am standing on your doorstep as a beggar
 Who will not be turned away,
And the charity you give my soul shall be,—
 Pray for me !

Miss A. A. Procter.



ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—
 When I am wholly thine ;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
 And let that will be mine.

All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
 In Thee I firmly trust ;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
 Are merciful and just.

May I remember that to Thee
 Whate'er I have I owe ;

And back, in gratitude, from me
 May all thy bounties flow.

Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
 When used as talents lent ;
 Those talents only well employed,
 When in thy service spent.

And though thy wisdom takes away,
 Shall I arraign thy will ?
 No ; let me bless thy name, and say,
 "The Lord is gracious still."

A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
 Of nothing long possessed,
 And all must fail when I go home,
 For this is not my rest.

J. Montgomery. 1803-1853.



THY WILL BE DONE.

THY will be done ! I will not fear
 The fate provided by thy love ;
 Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
 I know that all is bright above.

The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears ;
The hopes of earth indeed are gone,
But are not ours th' immortal years ?

Father ! forgive the heart that clings
Thus trembling to the things of time ;
And bid my soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love ;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

E'en now, above, there's radiant day,
While clouds and darkness brood below ;
Then, Father, joyful on my way
To drink the bitter cup I go.

Jane Roscoe. 1800.



BEGIN WITH GOD.

BEGIN the day with God !
He is thy sun and day ;
His is the radiance of thy dawn,
To Him address thy lay.

Sing a new song at morn !
Join the glad woods and hills ;
Join the fresh winds and seas and plains,
Join the bright flowers and rills.

Sing thy first song to God !
Not to thy fellow-man ;
Not to the creatures of his hand,
But to the Glorious One.

Awake, cold lips, and sing !
Arise, dull knees, and pray ;
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes ;
Brush slothfulness away.

Look up, beyond these clouds !
Thither thy pathway lies ;
Mount up, away, and linger not,
Thy goal is yonder skies.

Cast every weight aside !
Do battle with each sin ;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within.

Take thy first meal with God !
He is thy heavenly food ;
Feed *with* and *on* Him ; he with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God !
Let him go forth with thee ;
By stream or sea or mountain-path,
Seek still his company.

Thy first transaction be
With God himself above ;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

H. Bonar. 1856.

I AND MY HOUSE WILL SERVE THE LORD.

I AND my house are ready, Lord,
With hearts that beat in sweet accord,
To serve Thee and obey Thee ;
Be in the midst of us, we pray,
To guide and bless us, that we may
A willing service pay Thee :
Of us all,
Great and small,
Make a pious congregation,
Pure in life and conversation.

Let thy good Spirit by the word
Work mightily in us, O Lord,
Our souls and bodies filling !

O let the sun of grace shine bright,
That there may be abundant light
In us and in our dwelling :
 On our way,
 Night and day,
 With the heavenly manna feed us,
 To the heavenly Canaan lead us.

Send peace and blessing from above,
Unite us all in faith and love
 Who in this house are living ;
Let charity our hearts prepare
To suffer long and all things bear,
 Meek, gentle, and forgiving :
 Nor in aught
 Christ hath taught
 Let us fail to one another,
 But each love and help his brother.

Lord, let our house be built upon
Thy faithfulness and grace alone ;
 And when the day is closing,
And night her gloomy shadow flings,
Let us lie down beneath Thy wings,
 With childlike trust reposing ;
 E'en with smart
 In the heart,
 Cheerful, happy, and confiding,
 Patiently in Thee abiding.

If Thou shouldst bless our home with wealth,
Let not the world creep in by stealth,
And take away the blessing ;
For if our hearts should empty be
Of meekness and humility,
Although all else possessing,
We should miss
That true bliss,
Which not all the world's vast treasure
Can supply in smallest measure.

C. J. P. Spitta.

Translated by R. Maffie. 1854.



MORNING.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night !
Day-spring from on high, be near !
Day-star, in my heart appear !

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;

Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

Charles Wesley. 1740.



MORNING.

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before, —

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
 Room to deny ourselves ; a road
 To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more : content with these,
 Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
 As Heaven shall bid them, come and go ;
 The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect rest above ;
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray !

John Keble. 1827.



WHEN WE FIRST AWAKE.

DEAR God, that watch doth keep
 Round all that honor Thee,
 Vouchsafing Thy beloved sleep
 When rest shall needful be,
 My soul returns Thee praise,
 That thus refreshed I am,
 And that my tongue a voice can raise,
 To praise Thee for the same.

As now my soul doth shake
Dull sleep out of her eyes,
So let Thy Spirit me awake,
That I from sin may rise.
The night is past away,
Which filled us full of fears ;
And we enjoy the glorious day,
Wherein Thy grace appears.

O, let me, therefore, shun
All errors of the night ;
Thy righteousness let me put on,
And walk as in the light :
And guard me from his power,
Since I on Thee rely,
Who walks in darkness to devour
When our long sleep draws nigh.

George Wither. 1641.



MORNING.

THE purple morning gilds the eastern skies,
And what the night had hidden from our eyes
Now stands revealed to our admiring gaze ;
Mountain and valley, wood and fruitful plain,
Which in their misty bed asleep had lain,
Shine forth and glitter in the sun's bright rays.

Shine in my soul, and light and joy impart,
O blessed Jesus, Sun of my dark heart.

O cause therein the light of truth to shine ;
Show me each crooked winding of my heart,
Change and renew it so in every part,
That my whole nature be transformed to Thine.

Lord, in Thy light O let me walk this day,
By Thy love prompted, act, and speak, and pray,
As a new creature it becomes to do,
Whose aim it is, in all his words and ways,
To set forth duly his Creator's praise,
And new in heart, in life be also new.

I pray not, "Take my troubles all away" ;
It is for love to bear them that I pray,
And firm belief that all is for my good ;
That every trouble must be kindly meant,
Since from the hands of Him it has been sent
Who is my loving Father and my God.

I pray not that my days may smoothly run ;
Ah no ! I pray, Thy will alone be done !
Yet give a childlike trusting heart to me ;
Should the earth seek to draw my spirit down,
O let my heart continue still Thine own,
And draw me upward from the earth to Thee.

I pray not, Lord, that Thou wilt quickly end
The griefs and troubles Thou art pleased to send ;

Be Thou my peace in every trying hour.
I ask not Heaven at once to enter in,
But ere I die, that I may die to sin:
Be Thou its death; destroy its guilt and power.

Thou Sun, by whom my new life first was lighted,
O let me not again become benighted,
But be my light when shades around me spread;
With the bright splendor of Thy heavenly rays
Illuminate the evening of my days,
And shed a halo round my dying head.

C. J. P. Spitta.

Translated by R. Maffie. 1854.

VESPERS.

THE weary day at length is past,
Pale shadows beckon it to rest;
The slanting sunbeams fading cast
Their dim reflection through the west.

The song of birds, the hum of bees,
The droning insect's shining wing,
Are silent all, the evening breeze
Its plaintive monody doth sing.

Now, holy bells, your chime begin
 From towers that bathe in sunset air !
 Lift these poor spirits from the sin
 That chains with fetters gross or fair.

Speak of the coming shadowed night,
 That preludes day no more to cease ;
 Speak of the Love that gloom to light,
 And guide us to the perfect Peace !

C. M. P.



VESPERS.

O SHADOW in a sultry land !
 We gather to thy breast,
 Whose love, unfolding like the night,
 Brings quietude and rest,
 Glimpse of the fairer life to be,
 In foretaste here possessed !

From aimless wanderings we come,
 From drifting to and fro ;
 The wave of being mingles deep,
 Amid its ebb and flow,
 The grander sweep of tides serene
 Our spirits yearn to know !

That which the garish day had lost
The twilight vigil brings,
While softlier the vesper bell
Its silver cadence rings,—
The sense of an immortal trust,
The brush of angel wings!

Drop down behind the solemn hills,
O Day, with golden skies!
Serene above its fading glow,
Night, starry-crowned arise!
So beautiful may Heaven be,
When Life's last sunbeam dies!

C. M. P.



I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,

And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. Brown.



EVENING HYMN.

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky ;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie :
Before thy throne, O Lord of Heaven,
We kneel at close of day ;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not thou despise ;

But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise ;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls :
With hopes of future glory chase
. The shadows on our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart :
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine ; —
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven,
And trust in things divine.

Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend :
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend ;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose !

Miss A. A. Procter.

EVENING HYMN.

"Let my prayer be set before thee as incense ; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice." — **PSALM cxli. 2.**

SWEET Saviour ! bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will ;
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is done, its hours are run,
And Thou hast taken count of all, —
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall ;
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace ;
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Do more than pardon,— give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee ;
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared :
Ah ! never let our work be soiled
With strife, or by deceit ensnared ;
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

For those we love,— the poor, the sad,
The sinful,— unto Thee we call ;
Oh ! let thy mercy make us glad !
Thou art our Jesus and our all ;
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Sweet Saviour ! bless us ; night is come ;
Through all its watches near us be ;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

Frederick Faber.

ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine ;
Father ! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet ;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake ;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break !

H. McEwen Kimball.



NIGHT.

HEAR my prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep :
Bid Thy angels pure and holy
Round my bed their vigil keep.

Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one ;
Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade ;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made !

None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought ;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son hath wrought.

Pardon all my past transgressions ;
Give me strength for days to come ;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing
Till Thine angels bid me home !

Thomas Park. 1797.



AN EVENING SONG.

L ORD, a happy child of Thine,
Patient in the love of Thee,
In the light, the life divine,
Lives and walks at liberty.

Leaning on Thy tender care
 Thou hast led my soul aright ;
 Fervent was my morning-prayer,
 Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Saviour, Guardian true,
 All my life is Thine to keep ;
 At Thy feet my work I do,
 In Thy arms I fall asleep.

A. L. Waring.



WHEN WE CANNOT SLEEP.

WHAT ails my heart, that in my breast
 It thus unquiet lies ;
 And that it now of needful rest
 Deprives my tired eyes ?
 Let not vain hopes, griefs, doubts or fears,
 Distemper so my mind ;
 But cast on God thy thoughtful cares,
 And comfort thou shalt find.

In vain that soul attempteth aught,
 And spends her thoughts in vain,
 Who by or in herself hath sought
 Desired peace to gain.

In vain as rising in the morn
Before the day appear ;
In vain to bed we late return,
And lie unquiet there.

For when of rest our sin deprives,
When cares do waking keep ;
'T is God, and He alone, that gives
To His beloved sleep.
On Thee, O Lord ! on Thee therefore,
My musings now I place :
Thy free remission I implore,
And Thy refreshing grace.

Forgive Thou me, that when my mind
Oppressed begun to be,
I sought elsewhere my peace to find,
Before I came to Thee,
And, gracious God ! vouchsafe to grant,
Unworthy though I am,
The needful rest which now I want,
That I may praise Thy name.

George Wither. 1641.

MIDNIGHT.

A WAKE, my soul, awake to prayer;
Thy vigil of the night prepare:
Now all around is dark and still,
Angels defending us from ill.

The time to sacred thought is dear,
When Thou alone, good Lord, art near;
Hushed is the world's external din,
That we may hear Thy voice within.

It seems to plead with gentle breath;
Sad child of frailty, heir of death,
Its rest thy wearied body knows;
O, let thy soul on me repose!

I came to suffer in thy stead;
I had not where to lay my head:
Think on the love that could provide
Blessings for man, to me denied!

Thus silent hours of darkness prove
Remembrancers of Jesus' love;
While constancy in prayer we learn
From each succeeding night's return.

Day without night the angels sing,
Nor rest upon the drooping wing ;
Teaching our souls betimes to ascend,
Where hallelujahs never end.

David awaked his harp and voice,
And all within him, to rejoice,
God's love to praise at morning light,
And tell of all His truth at night.

Jacob in prayer nocturnal strove ;
No stern repulse his prayer could move ;
In vain the angel-man did say,
“Dismiss me, for 'tis break of day ! ”

See how, in galling fetters laid,
At midnight Paul and Silas prayed ;
Their gory wounds still smarting sore,
And cold the prison's rugged floor.

They sang the praises of the Lord ;
So loud they sang, the prisoners heard :
And yet they thought that death was nigh ;
And clouds obscured their morning sky.

How shall I then Thy praise decline,
When health and friends and home are mine ?
My dawn of day is clear and calm ;
No foes oppress, no fears alarm.

Are these Thy mercies, Lord, to me ?
O, let me then Thy servant be !
Submitting to Thy just control,
And loving Thee with all my soul.

So shall I find Thee strong to save,
When my last bed shall be the grave ;
The grave shall own my Saviour's might,
And darkness vanish at Thy sight !

Only my soul must now awake
From sleep of sin for Thy dear sake !
And then my body shall arise
From sleep of death to yonder skies.

'T is there I hope Thy face to see,
The crown of all felicity ;
'T is there I hope that rest to gain,
Which here I seek, but seek in vain.

As endless ages roll along,
Endless shall be my grateful song ;
And heaven itself shall pass away,
Before I cease my vows to pay.

Glory to God, who Israel keeps,
Who never slumbers, never sleeps !
Almighty Power no weakness knows ;
Unwearied Love asks no repose.

And now, my midnight musings o'er,
Thy wonted mercies, Lord, restore :
Let sleep again my eyelids fill,
And angels guard my soul from ill.

James Ford. 1856.



SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

'T WAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon Thy power ;
I kept Thy lovely face in sight,
Amid the darkest hour.

While I lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high ;
My God, my life, my hope, I said,
Bring thy salvation nigh.

I strive to mount thy holy hill ;
I walk the heavenly road ;
Thy glories all my spirit fill,
While I commune with God.

Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wing ;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
And I thy praises sing.

Isaac Watts. 1674 - 1748.

NIGHT MUSINGS.

IN the still silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
 O God, but Thee ?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impression of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee,
 And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
 Since 't is Thy will.

For, oh ! in spite of past and present care,
Or anything beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
 My God, with Thee !

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than anything, my spirit lies
 Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
 O God, but Thee ?



STAR of morn and even,
Sun of Heaven's heaven,
Saviour high and dear,
Toward us turn thine ear ;
Through whate'er may come,
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,
Those we leaned on leave us,
Though the coward heart
Quit its proper part,
Though the Tempter come,
Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour pure and holy,
Lover of the lowly,
Sign us with thy sign,
Take our hands in thine,
Take our hands and come,
Lead thy children home !

Star of morn and even,
Shine on us from Heaven,
From thy glory-throne
Hear thy very own!
Lord and Saviour, come,
Lead us to our home!

F. T. Palgrave. 1862.



AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn :
Thine ever wakeful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

O, let thy love within us dwell,
Thy fear our footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

And, O, by error's force subdued,
Since oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill, —

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply :
The good we ask not, Father, grant ;
The ill we ask, deny.

Merrick.

PRAISE.

“All things are yours, things present.” — 1 Cor. iii. 21, 22.

WHILE toil and warfare urge us on our way,
And heart is answering heart in sighs of pain,
Have we no words of strengthening joy to say,—
No songs for those who suffer but to reign?

O for the faithful mind, the steadfast eye,
To keep our Leader’s glory full in sight,
And make our converse, even while we die,
An interchange of triumph and delight!

Behold, the paths of life are ours, — we see
Our blest inheritance where’er we tread;
Sorrow and danger our security,
And disappointment lifting up our head.

Kings unto God, we may not doubt our power,
We may not languish when He says, “Be strong!”
We must move on through every adverse hour,
And take possession as we pass along.

Yes, all is for us ; nothing shall withstand
Our faithful, valiant, persevering claim ; —
The rod of God's Anointed in our hand,
And our assurance His unchanging name.

We need no haste where He has said, "Be still," —
No peace where He has charged us to contend ;
Only the fearless love to do His will,
And to show forth His honor to the end.

O ye that faint and die, arise and live !
Sing, ye that all things have a charge to bless !
If He is faithful who hath sworn to give,
Then be ye also faithful, and possess.

Take thy whole portion with thy Master's mind,—
Toil, hindrance, hardness, with His virtue take,—
And think how short a time thy heart may find
To labor or to suffer for His sake.

Count all the pains that speed thee to thy rest
Among the riches of thy purchased right ;
Yea, bind them in His name upon thy breast,
As jewels for the Bride, the Lamb's delight.

And love shall teach us, while on Him we lean,
That, in the certainty of coming bliss,
We may be yearning for a world unseen,
Yet wear our beautiful array in this.

Ours be a loyal love for service tried,
To show by deeds and words, and looks that cheer,
How He can bless the scene in which He died,
And fill His house with glory even here.

Miss A. L. Waring.

—♦—
TREASURES.

LET me count my treasures,
All my soul holds dear,
Given me by dark spirits
Whom I used to fear.

Through long days of anguish,
And sad nights, did Pain
Forge my shield, Endurance,
Bright and free from stain !

Doubt, in misty caverns,
'Mid dark horrors sought,
Till my peerless jewel,
Faith, to me she brought.

Sorrow, that I wearied
Should remain so long,
Wreathed my starry glory,
The bright Crown of Song.

Strife, that racked my spirit
Without hope or rest,
Left the blooming flower,
Patience, on my breast.

Suffering, that I dreaded,
Ignorant of her charms,
Laid the fair child, Pity,
Smiling, in my arms.

So I count my treasures,
Stored in days long past,—
And I thank the givers,
Whom I know at last!

A. Procter.



A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.

L ORD, Thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry,
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard

Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words and meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent:
And my content
Makes those and my beloved beet
To be more sweet.
'T is Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,

And giv'ſt me wassail-bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 't is Thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land :
All this, and better, doſt Thou ſend
Me for this end :
That I ſhould render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incenſe, I resign
As wholly Thine :
But the acceptance, — that muſt be,
O Lord, by Thee.

Robert Herrick. 1596.



“AS STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS.”

A S strangers, — glad for this good inn
Where nobler wayfarers have been ;
Yet asking but a little reſt :
Earth may not keep her ſpirit-gueſt.

As those whom no entangling bond
Muſt draw from life and love beyond,
Strangers to all that lures aſtray
From one plain path, the homeward way.

How must the pilgrim's load be borne ?
With staggering limbs and look forlorn ?
His Guide chose all that load within ;
There's need of everything, but sin.

So trusting Him whose love he knows,
Singing along the road he goes ;
And nightly of his burden makes
A pillow till the morning breaks.

How thinks the pilgrim of his way
As wanderers homesick and astray ?
The starlight and the dew he sees ;
He feels the blessing of the breeze.

The valley-shades, how cool and still !
What splendor from the beetling hill !
He longs to go, he loves to stay,
For God is both his Home and Way.

Strangers to sin ! beloved of God !
Ye track with heaven-light earth's mean sod :
For, pilgrims dear, He walks with you,
A Guide — but once a Pilgrim too.

Lucy Larcom.

OUR TITLES.

ARE we not Nobles? We who trace
Our pedigree so high
That God for us and for our race
Created earth and sky,
And light and air and time and space,
To serve us and then die.

Are we not Princes? we who stand
As heirs beside the throne;
We who can call the promised land
Our heritage, our own;
And answer to no less command
Than God's, and His alone.

Are we not Kings? both night and day,
From early until late,
About our bed, about our way,
A guard of angels wait;
And so we watch and work and pray
In more than royal state.

Are we not holy? Do not start:
It is God's sacred will

To call us temples set apart
His Holy Ghost may fill :
Our very food . . . O hush, my heart,
Adore IT and be still !

Are we not more ? our life shall be
Immortal and divine.

The nature Mary gave to thee,
Dear Jesus, still is thine ;
Adoring in thy heart, I see
Such blood as beats in mine.

O God, that we can dare to fail,
And dare to say we must !

O God, that we can ever trail
Such banners in the dust,
Can let such starry honors pale,
And such a blazon rust !

Shall we upon such titles bring
The taint of sin and shame ?
Shall we, the children of the King,
Who hold so grand a claim,
Tarnish by any meaner thing
The glory of our name ?

Miss A. A. Procter.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently cleared my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I 'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew !

Joseph Addison. 1728.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." — PSALM
ciii. 2.

M Y soul repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great :
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

Isaac Watts. 1674-1748.



SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter-storms begin ;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !

We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown :
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be !

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home !
From His field shall purge away
All that doth offend, that day ;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fires the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home !
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There forever, purified,
In God's garner to abide :
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home !

Henry Alford. 1845.

PRAISE TO OUR CREATOR.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care ;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?

We 'll crowd Thy gates, with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts. 1674-1748.

SELF-EXAMINATION.



SELF-CONDEMNATION.

"If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." — I JOHN iii. 20.

LORD, many times I am a-weary quite
Of my own self, my sin and vanity ;
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate ;—
Take Thou my part against myself, nor share
In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse
We know of our own selves they also knew ;—
Lord, Holy One ! if Thou, who knowest worse,
Shouldst loathe us too !

R. C. Trench.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Wm. Cowper. 1779.

GROWING IN GRACE.

"But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." — 2 PETER iii. 18.

THIS did not once so trouble me,
That better I could not love Thee ;
But now I feel and know,
That only when we love, we find
How far our hearts remain behind
The love they should bestow.

While we had little care to call
On Thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
We seemed enough to pray ;
But now we only think with shame,
How seldom to Thy glorious name
Our lips their offerings pay.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
Unto our suffering brother's need,
Our hearts reproached us then
Not half so much as now, that we
With such a careless eye can see
The woes and wants of men.

In doing is this knowledge won,
 To see what yet remains undone ;
 With this our pride repress ;
 And give us grace, a growing store,
 That day by day we may do more,
 And may esteem it less.

R. C. Trench.

—♦—
THE WORLD.

“And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of rigl
 eousness, and of judgment.” — JOHN xvi. 8.

THE world is wise, for the world is old ;
 Five thousand years their tale have told ;
 Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be, —
 Why is it? why is it? O, answer me !

The world is kind if we ask not too much ;
 It is sweet to the taste, and smooth to the touch ;
 Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be, —
 Why is it? why is it? O, answer me !

The world is strong, with an awful strength,
 And full of life in its breadth and length ;
 Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be, —
 Why is it? why is it? O, answer me !

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The world is so beautiful one may fear
Its borrowed beauty might make it too dear ;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be, —
Why is it ? why is it ? O, answer me !

The world is good in its own poor way,
There is rest by night and high spirits by day ;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be, —
Why is it ? why is it ? O, answer me !

The Cross shines fair, and the church-bell rings,
And the earth is peopled with holy things ;
Yet the world is not happy, as the world might be, —
Why is it ? why is it ? O, answer me !

What lackest thou, world ? for God made thee of old ;
Why, — thy faith hath gone out, and thy love grown cold ;
Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the want of Christ's simplicity.

It is blood that thou lackest, thou poor old world !
Who shall make thy love hot for thee, frozen old world ?
Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,
For the love of dear Jesus is little in thee.

Poor world ! if thou cravest a better day,
Remember that Christ must have his own way ;
I mourn thou art not as thou mightest be,
But the love of God would do all for thee.

Frederick Faber.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.—*PSALM cx. 3.*

SAVIOUR! though my rebellious will
Has been, by thy blest power, renewed;
Yet in its secret workings still
How much remains to be subdued!

Oft I recall, with grief and shame,
How many years their course had run
Ere grace my murmuring heart o'ercame,
Ere I could say, "Thy will be done!"

I wished a flowery path to tread,
And thought 't would safely lead to heaven;
A lonely room, a suffering bed,
These for my training-place were given.

Long I resisted, mourned, complained,
Wished any other lot my own;
Thy purpose, Lord, unchanged remained,—
What wisdom planned, love carried on.

Year after year I turned away,
But marred was every scheme I planned;
Still the same lesson, day by day,
Was placed before me, by thy hand.

At length thy patient, wondrous love,
Unchanging, tender, pitying, strong,
Availed that stony heart to move,
Which had rebelled, alas ! so long.

Then was I taught by thee to say,
“ Do with me what to thee seems best ;
Give, take, whate’er thou wilt away,
Health, comfort, usefulness, or rest.

“ Be my whole life in suffering spent,
But let me be in suffering thine ;
Still, O my Lord, I am content,
Thou now hast made thy pleasure mine.”

Charlotte Elliott.

— — —

“ We have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God,
ye might receive the promise.” — *Heb. x. 36.*

AND is there nothing to be done,
While here, on this sick bed, I lie ?
Should I thus weary to be gone,
Thus think, ‘t were better far to die ?

Alas ! that very thought declares
How much remains unhallowed still ;
The soul which God for heaven prepares
Has lost her own in His blest will.

And if His work of grace in me
Were now wellnigh consummated,
Contented, willing, should I be
To lie for years on this sick bed.

For then my faith would be so strong,
Would bring my blessed Lord so near,
That days, weeks, months, would ne'er seem long
With such a Friend my couch to cheer.

Full many a sufferer there has seen
Such proofs of His transcendent worth,
That e'en their bed of pain has been
To them a little heaven on earth.

O then, my Saviour ! be no more
Far from me in my hour of need ;
Thou canst the fainting soul restore,
And make the feeble strong indeed.

O, grant me now that will resigned,
That patient, weaned, obedient heart,
That loving, peaceful, heavenly mind,
Thy Spirit can alone impart.

Let me not languish e'en for home,
One wish, one only wish, be mine !
Each hour more holy to become,
More fully and entirely Thine !

Charlotte Elliott.

A S body when the soul has fled,
A As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith,—a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

In true and heaven-born faith we trace
The source of every Christian grace ;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.

Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream has found its way ;
But where these spring not rich and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

Drummond. 1585–1649

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

THE time for toil is past, and night is come,—
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless, — yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and withered leaves;
Wherfore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
Master, behold my sheaves!

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility ; —
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew,
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do ;
And, though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

Atlantic Monthly.



G O D .

WHO BY SEARCHING CAN FIND OUT GOD?

I CANNOT find Thee ! Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell ;
I wander lost through all Thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath Thy Light ineffable.

I cannot find Thee ! Even when most adoring
Before Thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought, upsoaring
From furthest quest comes back ; Thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth ; there, O God ! Thou art.

I cannot lose Thee ! Still in Thee abiding,
The End is clear, how wide so e'er I roam ;
The Law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.

Eliza Scudder.

"I will put my trust in him." — *Heb.* ii. 13.

GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyful day.

He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

When He makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand ?
When He his people's cause defends,
Who then shall stay his hand ?

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command :
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong his hand.

Thou comprehend'st him not ;
 Yet earth and heaven tell,
 God sits as sovereign on the throne :
 He ruleth all things well.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
 Our hearts are known to thee ;
 O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee !

Let us, in life or death,
 Boldly thy truth declare ;
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

Moravian.

THE Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
 O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice !
 From world to world the joy shall ring,
 The Lord Omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King ! who then shall dare
 Resist His will, distrust His care,
 Or murmur at His wise decrees,
 Or doubt His royal promises ?

The Lord is King ! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just :
Holy and true are all His ways :
Let every creature speak His praise.

He reigns ! ye saints, exalt your strains ;
Your God is King, your Father reigns ;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the Throne ;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

O, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie ;
This world of ours, and worlds unseen,
And then the boundary between.

One Lord, one empire, all secures ;
He reigns, and life and death are yours :
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Josiah Conder. 1856

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while He sings ;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings :
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too ;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And He, who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear ;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper. 17;

I SHALL NOT WANT.

THOU all-sufficient One,
Who art
The chosen portion of my heart !
Other rejoicing need I none, —
I can find all in Thee,
Thou chiefest good to me !
Who has Thee is satisfied ;
Who by Thee doth still abide
Is no more lonely, at Thy side.

To whom Thou dost reveal
Thy face,
He lives in joy in every place, —
In every time has what he will.

Who in his deep heart-ground
 To Thee is firmly bound,
 Still and joyful knows no fear.
 Earth costs him no bitter tear, —
 Earth grows dim when Thou art near.

O highest joy of joy !
 True rest !
 Comfort of every aching breast !
 Whom can earth trouble and annoy,
 Whom Thou art near to bless,
 Who does Thy love possess ?
 All I seek for out of Thee
 Hindrance to my joy might be,
 And diminish peace in me.

Whom Thou dost call Thy child,
 Thine own, —
 By all on earth may be unknown,
 By all on earth may be reviled :
 What then? if God be his
 He needs no other bliss.
 If I know that I have Thee,
 Life and strength and joy may flee,
 Griefs may come, — they move not me.

Come, O thou blessed One,
 My choice !
 Now in Thy light make me rejoice, —
 Come, fill the soul which Thou hast won.

Come, take the whole, that I
To Thee may live and die.
I am Thine, O, be Thou mine,
Until in yonder life divine
Thy face on me shall fully shine !

Tersteegen. 1731.

MAJESTY OF GOD.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And He, as sovereign Lord and King
For evermore shall reign.

Sternhold. 1540.

C H R I S T.

CHRIST'S MESSAGE.

HARK ! the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belovéd name.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

JESUS ! the very thought is sweet ;
In that dear name all heart-joys meet ;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of his presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this ;
No name is heard more full of bliss ;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God, most high.

Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn !
How good to them for sin that mourn ;
To them that seek Thee, O how kind !
But what art Thou to them that find ?

No tongue of mortal can express,
 No letters write its blessedness ;
 Alone, who hath Thee in his heart
 Knows, love of Jesus, what Thou art.

O Jesus, King of wondrous might ;
 O victor, glorious from the fight ;
 Sweetness that may not be expressed,
 And altogether loveliest !

St. Bernard. 1153.

THE COMFORTER.

I LOOK to Thee in every need,
 And never look in vain ;
 I feel Thy strong and tender love,
 And all is well again :
 The thought of Thee is mightier far
 Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
 Disheartened by its load,
 Shamed by its failures or its fears,
 I sink beside the road ; —
 But let me only think of Thee,
 And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still ;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will ;
Thy presence fills my solitude ;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand ;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand ;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Hymns of the Spirit.

“CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE.”

CLING to the Mighty One,	Ps. lxxxix. 19.
Cling in thy grief ;	Heb. xii. 11.
Cling to the Holy One,	Heb. i. 22.
He gives relief ;	Ps. cxvi. 9.
Cling to the Gracious One,	Ps. cxvi. 5.
Cling in thy pain ,	Ps. lv. 4.
Cling to the Faithful One,	i Thess. v. 24.
He will sustain.	Ps. xxviii. 8.
Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii. 25.
Cling in thy woe,	Ps. lxxxvi. 7.

Cling to the Living One Through all below ;	i John iv. 16. Rom. viii. 38, 39.
Cling to the Pardoning One, He speaketh peace ;	Is. iv. 7. John xiv. 27.
Cling to the Healing One, Anguish shall cease.	Exod. xv. 26. Ps. cxviii. 3.
Cling to the Bleeding One, Cling to his side ;	i John i. 7. John xx. 27.
Cling to the Risen One, In Him abide ;	Rom. vi. 9. John xv. 4.
Cling to the Coming One, Hope shall arise ;	Rev. xxii. 20. Titus ii. 13.
Cling to the Reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes.	Ps. xcvi. 1. Ps. xvi. 11.

"A refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, &c." — ISAIAH xxv. 4.

JESUS ! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh !
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O, receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee !
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing !

Wilt Thou not regard my call ?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer ?
Lo ! I sink, I faint, I fall !
Lo ! on Thee I cast my care !
Reach me out thy gracious hand !
While I of thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live !

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind !
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin ;

Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart ;
 Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley. 1740.

LOST BUT FOUND.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
 I did not love the fold ;
 I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
 I would not be controlled.
 I was a wayward child,
 I did not love my home,
 I did not love my Father's voice,
 I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought his sheep,
 The Father sought his child,
 They followed me o'er vale and hill,
 O'er deserts waste and wild.
 They found me nigh to death,
 Famished, and faint, and lone ;
 They bound me with the bands of love,
 They saved the wandering one.

They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head ;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair ;
They brought me to my home in peace,—
The long-sought wanderer !

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'T was He that loved my soul,
'T was He that washed me in his blood,
'T was He that made me whole.
'T was He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was He that brought me to the fold,
'T is He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled :
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold !
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam :
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home !

H. Bonar. 1860.

THOU art the Way ; and he who sighs,
 Amid this starless waste of woe,
To find a pathway to the skies,
 A light from heaven's eternal glow,
By Thee must come, thou Gate of love,
 Through which the saints undoubting trod,
Till faith discovers, like the dove,
 An ark, a resting-place in God.

Thou art the Truth, whose steady day
 Shines on through earthly blight and bloom ;
The pure, the everlasting Ray,
 The Lamp that shines e'en in the tomb ;
The Light that out of darkness springs,
 And guideth those that blindly go ;
The Word whose precious radiance flings
 Its lustre upon all below.

Thou art the Life, the blessed Well
 With living waters gushing o'er,
Which those that drink shall ever dwell
 Where sin and thirst are known no more.
Thou art the mystic Pillar given,
 Our Lamp by night, our Light by day ;
Thou art the sacred Bread from heaven ;
 Thou art the Life, the Truth, the Way.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts. 1674-1748.

COME, MIGHTY SPIRIT.

COME, mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine ;
And my whole being with thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine !

As this clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll ;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

As from these clouds drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So from thyself pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

As these fair flowers exhale their scent
In gladness at our feet,
So from thyself let fragrance breathe,
More heavenly and more sweet.

Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode ;
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

H. Bonar. 1860.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

COME, Holy Spirit ! from the height,
Of heaven send down Thy blessed light !
Come, Father of the friendless poor !
Giver of gifts, and Light of hearts,
Come with that unction which imparts
Such consolations as endure.

The Soul's Refreshment and her Guest,
Shelter in heat, in labor Rest,
The sweetest Solace in our woe !
Come, blissful Light ! O come and fill,
In all Thy faithful, heart and will,
And make our inward fervor glow.

Where Thou art, Lord ! there is no ill,
For evil's self Thy light can kill.
O let that light upon us rise,
Lord ! heal our wounds, and cleanse our stains,
Fountain of grace ! and with thy rains
Our barren spirits fertilize.

Bend with Thy fires our stubborn will,
And quicken what the world would chill,
And homeward call the feet that stray :

Virtue's reward, and final grace,
 The Eternal vision face to face,
 Spirit of Love ! for these we pray.

Come, Holy Spirit ! bid us live ;
 To those who trust Thy mercy give
 Joys that through endless ages flow :
 Thy various gifts, foretastes of heaven,
 Those that are named Thy sacred Seven,
 On us, O God of love, bestow.

Frederick Faber. 1856.



HOLY COMMUNION.

THEY talked of Jesus as they went ;
 And Jesus, all unknown,
 Did at their side himself present
 With sweetness all his own.
 Swift as He oped the sacred word,
 His glory they discerned ;
 And swift, as his dear voice they heard,
 Their hearts within them burned.

He would have left them, but that they
 With prayers his love assailed :
 “ Depart not yet ! a little stay ! ”
 They pressed Him, and prevailed.

And Jesus was revealed, as there
He blessed and brake the bread :
But, while they marked his heavenly air,
The matchless Guest had fled.

And thus at times, as Christians talk
Of Jesus and his word,
He joins two friends amidst their walk,
And makes, unseen, a third.
And O how sweet their converse flows !
Their holy theme how clear !
How warm with love each bosom glows,
If Jesus be but near !

And they that woo his visits sweet,
And will not let Him go,
Oft, while his broken bread they eat,
His soul-felt presence know :
His gathered friends He loves to meet,
And fill with joy their faith,
When they with melting hearts repeat
The memory of his death.

But such sweet visits here are brief ;
Dispensed from stage to stage
(A cheering and a prized relief)
Of faith's hard pilgrimage.
There is a scene where Jesus ne'er,
Ne'er leaves his happy guests ;
He spreads a ceaseless banquet there,
And love still fires their breasts.

CANA.

DEAR Friend, whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once at Cana's wedding feast
Turn water into wine,—

Come visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.

Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
When Jesus visits us, to turn
Life's water into wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Shall glow with angels' visits when
The Lord pours out the wine !

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not mine and thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water changed to wine.

Rev. Jas. F. Clarke. 1856.

LOVE.



GLORY TO GOD ALONE.

O LOVED ! but not enough, though dearer far
Than self and its most loved enjoyments are ;
None duly loves Thee, but who, nobly free
From sensual objects, finds his all in Thee.

Glory of God ! thou stranger here below,
Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know ;
Our faith and reason are both shocked to find
Man in the post of honor, Thee behind.

My soul ! rest happy in thy low estate,
Nor hope nor wish to be esteemed or great :
To take the impression of a Will Divine,
Be that thy glory, and those riches thine.

Confess Him righteous in his just decrees,
Love what He loves, and let his pleasures please ;
Die daily ; from the touch of sin recede ;
Then thou hast crowned Him, and He reigns indeed.

Madame Guyon. 1648 – 1717.

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

Composed in Prison.

A LITTLE bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air ;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there ;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Naught have I else to do ;
I sing the whole day long ;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song ;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless ;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less ;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round ;
Abroad I cannot fly ;

But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom, of the soul.

O, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love ;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom, of the mind.

Madame Guyon. 1648-1717.



PRISONS DO NOT EXCLUDE GOD.

In Prison.

STONG are all the walls around me,
That hold me all the day ;
But they who thus have bound me
Cannot keep God away :
My very dungeon walls are dear,
Because the God I love is here.

They know, who thus oppress me,
'T is hard to be alone ;

But know not One can bless me
 Who comes through bars and stone :
 He makes my dungeon's darkness bright,
 And fills my bosom with delight.

Thy love, O God ! restores me
 From sighs and tears to praise ;
 And deep my soul adores Thee,
 Nor thinks of time or place :
 I ask no more, in good or ill,
 But union with Thy holy will.

'T is that which makes my treasure,
 'T is that which brings my gain ;
 Converting woe to pleasure,
 And reaping joy from pain.
 O, 't is enough, whate'er befall,
 To know that God is All in All.

Madame Guyon. 1648 – 1717.



LOVE CONSTITUTES MY CRIME.

In Prison.

• L OVE constitutes my crime ;
 For this they keep me here,
 Imprisoned thus so long a time
 For Him I hold so dear ;

And yet I am, as when I came,
The subject of this holy flame.

How can I better grow !
How from my own heart fly !
Those who imprison me should know
True love can never die.
Yea, tread and crush it with disdain,
And it will live and burn again.

And am I then to blame ?
He's always in my sight ;
And having once inspired the flame,
He always keeps it bright.
For this they smite me and reprove,
Because I cannot cease to love.

What power shall dim its ray,
Dropped burning from above !
Eternal Life shall ne'er decay ;
God is the life of love.
And when its source of life is o'er,
And only then, 't will shine no more.

Madame Guyon. 1648-1717.

THE ACQUIESCENCE OF PURE LOVE.

In Prison.

LOVE! if thy destined sacrifice am I,
Come, slay thy victim, and prepare thy fires;
Plunged in thy depths of mercy, let me die
The death which every soul that lives desires.

I watch my hours, and see them fleet away;
The time is long that I have languished here;
Yet all my thoughts thy purposes obey,
With no reluctance, cheerful and sincere.

To me 't is equal, whether love ordain
My life or death, appoint me pain or ease;
My soul perceives no real ill in pain;
In ease or health no real good she sees.

One good she covets, and that good alone,
To choose thy will, from selfish bias free;
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases Thee.

That we should bear the cross is thy command,
Die to the world, and live to self no more;
Suffer, unmoved, beneath the rudest hand;
When shipwrecked pleased as when upon the shore.

Madame Guyon. 1648-1717.

THE LIGHT ABOVE US.

THERE is a light in yonder skies,
A light unseen by outward eyes ;
But clear and bright to inward sense
It shines, the star of Providence.

The radiance of the central throne,
It comes from God, and God alone ; —
The ray that never yet grew pale,
The star that “shines within the veil.”

And faith, unchecked by earthly fears,
Shall lift its eye, though filled with tears,
And while around ’t is dark as night,
Untired, shall mark that heavenly light.

In vain they smite me. Men but do
What God permits with different view ; —
To outward sight they wield the rod,
But faith proclaims it all of God.

Unmoved, then, let me keep my way ;
Supported by that cheering ray
Which, shining distant, renders clear
The clouds and darkness thronging near.

Madame Guyon. 1648–1717.

FOREST HYMN.

HERE, sweetly forgetting and wholly forgot
By the world and its turbulent throng,
The birds and the stream lend me many a note
That aids meditation and song.

Ye desolate scenes, to your solitude led,
My life I in praises employ,
And scarce know the source of the tears that I shed,
Whether springing from sorrow or joy.

Though awfully silent, and shaggy and rude,
I am charmed with the peace ye afford ;
Your shades are a temple where none will intrude,
The abode of my Lover and Lord.

Ah, send me not back to the race of mankind,
Perversely by folly beguiled ;
For where in the crowds I have left shall I find
The spirit and heart of a child ?

Here let me, though fixed in a desert, be free,
A little one whom they despise ;
Though lost to the world, if in union with Thee,
I am holy, and happy, and wise.

Madame Guyon. 1648–1717.

DIVINE CONSOLATIONS.

MY heart is easy and my burden light ;
I smile, though sad, when God is in my sight ;
The more my woes in secret I deplore,
I taste thy goodness, and I love Thee more.

There, while a solemn stillness reigns around,
Faith, love, and hope within my soul abound ;
And while the world suppose me lost in care,
The joys of angels unperceived I share.

Thy creatures wrong thee, O thou Sovereign Good !
Thou art not loved, because not understood ;
This grieves me most, that vain pursuits beguile
Ungrateful men, regardless of thy smile.

Frail beauty and false honor are adored,
While Thee they scorn, and trifle with thy word ;
Pass, unconcerned, a Saviour's sorrows by,
And hunt their ruin with a zeal to die.

Madame Guyon. 1648–1717.

RESIGNATION.

I PLACE an offering at Thy shrine,
From taint and blemish clear,
Simple and pure in its design,
Of all that I hold dear.

I yield Thee back thy gifts again,
Thy gifts which most I prize ;
Desirous only to retain
The notice of thine eyes.

But if by thine adored decree
That blessing be denied,
Resigned, and unreluctant, see
My every wish subside.

Thy will in all things I approve,
Exalted or cast down ;
Thy will in every state I love,
And even in thy frown.

Madame Guyon. 1648–1717.

LOVE.

YES! I will always love ; and, as I ought,
Tune to the praise of love my ceaseless voice ;
Preferring love, too vast for human thought,
In spite of erring men, who cavil at my choice.

Why have I not a thousand, thousand hearts,
Lord of my soul! that they might all be thine ?
If thou approve, — the zeal thy smile imparts,
How should it ever fail ? Can such a fire decline ?

Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire ;
Its object heavenly, it must ever blaze ;
Eternal love a God must needs inspire,
When once he wins the heart and fits it for his praise.

Self-love dismissed, — 't is then we live indeed ;
In her embrace, death, only death is found ;
Come then, one noble effort, and succeed,
Cast off the chain of self with which thy soul is bound.

O, I would cry, that all the world might hear,
Ye self-tormenters, love your God alone ;
Let his unequalled excellence be dear,
Dear to your inmost souls, and make him all your own.

Madame Guyon. 1648 – 1717.

JOY IN THE CROSS.

LONG plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of Thine,
Without reserve or fear ;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes,
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear.

My sole possession is Thy love ;
In earth beneath or heaven above,
I have no other store ;
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune Thee night and day,
I ask Thee nothing more.

My rapid hours pursue the course
Prescribed them by love's sweetest force,
And I Thy sovereign will,
Without a wish to 'scape my doom ;
Though still a sufferer from the womb,
And doomed to suffer still.

By Thy command, whene'er I stray,
SORROW attends me all my way,
A never-failing friend ;

And, if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content,
Let SORROW still attend !

It costs me no regret, that she
Who followed Christ should follow me ;
And though, where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her, and extract a sweet
From all her bitter woes.

Adieu ! ye vain delights of earth,
Insipid sports and childish mirth,
I taste no sweets in you ;
Unknown delights are in the cross ;
All joy beside to me is dross,
And Jesus thought so too.

The Cross ! O ravishment and bliss, —
How grateful e'en its anguish is,
Its bitterness how sweet !
There every sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refined,
Taste happiness complete.

Souls, once enabled to disdain
Base, sublunary joys, maintain
Their dignity secure ;
The fever of desire is passed,
And love has all its genuine taste,
Is delicate and pure.

Self-love no grace in Sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease ;
 'T is all the bliss she knows ;
But nobler aims true Love employ,
In self-denial is her joy,
 In suffering her repose.

Sorrow and Love go side by side ;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
 Their heaven-appointed bands ;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor till the race of life is run
 Disjoin their wedded hands.

Jesus, avenger of our fall,
Thou faithful lover, above all
 The cross have ever borne !
O tell me — life is in thy voice —
How much afflictions were thy choice,
 And sloth and ease thy scorn !

Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame,
 Which must forever blaze !
To take the cross and follow Thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
 My portion and my praise.

Madame Guyon. 1648–1717.

DIVINE ADOPTION.

HOW happy are the new-born race,
Partakers of adopting grace !
How pure the bliss they share !
Hid from the world and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
And conscience feels it there.

The moment we believe, 't is ours ;
And if we love with all our powers
The God from whom it came,
And if we serve with hearts sincere,
'T is still discernible and clear
An undisputed claim.

But ah ! if foul and wilful sin
Stain and dishonor us within,
Farewell the joy we knew ;
Again the slaves of nature's sway,
In lab'rinth's of our own we stray,
Without a guide or clew.

The chaste and pure, who fear to grieve
The gracious Spirit they receive,
His work distinctly trace,

And, strong in undismbling love,
Boldly assert and clearly prove
Their hearts his dwelling-place.

O messenger of dear delight,
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove !
With thee at hand to soothe our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
No task but that of love.

'T is love unites what sin divides ;
The centre where all bliss resides ;
To which the soul once brought,
Reclining on the first great Cause,
From his abounding sweetness draws
Peace passing human thought.

Sorrow foregoes its nature there,
And life assumes a tranquil air,
Divested of its woes ;
There, sovereign goodness soothes the breast,
Till then incapable of rest,
In sacred, sure repose.

Madame Guyon. 1648 – 1717.

GOD'S GLORY AND GOODNESS.

A LMIGHTY Former of this wondrous plan,
Faintly reflected in thine image, man ;
Holy and just ! the greatness of whose name
Fills and supports this universal frame !

Diffused throughout infinitude of space,
Who art thyself thine own vast dwelling-place ;
Soul of our soul ! whom yet no sense of ours
Discerns, eluding our most active powers ; —

Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil thy face, and keep Thee still unknown ;
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and sovereign of the heart.

Thou art my bliss ! the light by which I move !
In Thee, O God ! dwells all that I can love.
Where'er I turn, I see thy power and grace,
Which ever watch, and bless our heedless race.

O, then repeat the truth that never tires ;
No God is like the God my soul desires ;
He at whose voice heaven trembles, even He,
Great as He is, knows how to stoop to me.

Vain pageantry and pomp of earth, adieu !
 I have no wish, no memory for you !
 Rich in God's love, I feel my noblest pride
 Spring from the sense of having naught beside.

Madame Guyon. 1648 – 1717.



ENTIRE SUBMISSION.

G OD'S ways are not as our ways, His thoughts are
 not as ours ;
 He wounds us sore with cruel thorns, where we have
 stooped for flowers ;
 But oh ! 't is from the oft-pierced heart those precious
 drops distil,
 That many a life, else all unblest, with healing balm
 shall fill ;
 Then give, O give the flower to those who pray it so
 may be,
 But I would choose to have the thorns, with Thee,
 dear Lord, with Thee !

Man judgeth man in ignorance, he seeth but in part ;
 Our trust is in our Maker, God, who searcheth every
 heart ;
 And every wrong and every woe, when put beneath our
 feet,
 As stepping-stones may help us on to His high mercy-
 seat.

hen teach us still to smile, O Lord ! though sharp the
stones may be,
remembering that they bring us near to Thee, dear
Lord, to Thee !

list-veiled and rough the path we tread, e'er haunted
as we go
With piteous sights of wretchedness, and piteous sounds
of woe ;
nd eagerly for happiness we look on either side,
'o find all pleasures time can give leave us unsatisfied;
' make me of those blessed ones from earth's vain
troubles free,
Whose constant souls rest every hope in Thee, dear
Lord, in Thee !

o bitter is the cup of life, we fain would drink no more.
O let the cup but pass from me ! " in anguish we im-
plore ;
ut days and months and years roll on, and lo ! 't is
asked at length,
When was it that our souls put on new majesty and
strength ?
ll is revealed, the Marah-draught no longer we would
flee ;
T is held in wisdom to our lips by Thee, dear Lord,
by Thee !

Our nearest and our dearest go, — go from us one by one ;
Where now are those who walked with us 'neath youth's
unclouded sun ?

Sadder than separation, sadder than death, came change,
And our once blooming Paradise is now a desert strange;
Yet in this desolation, I ask but faith to see
That nothing can divide us now from Thee, dear Lord,
from Thee !

— • —

N EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

There let the way appear
Steps unto Heaven ;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given ;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I 'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Sarah F. Adams. 1848.



THOUGH some good things of lower worth
My heart is called on to resign,
Of all the gifts in heaven and earth,
The greatest and the best is mine :

The love of God in Christ made known,—
The love that is enough alone,
My Father's love is all my own.

My soul's Restorer, let me learn
In that deep love to live and rest, —
Let me the precious thing discern
Of which I am indeed possessed.
My treasure let me feel and see,
And let my moments, as they flee,
Unfold my endless life in Thee.

Let me not dwell so much within
My bounded heart, with anxious heed,
Where all my searches meet with sin,
And nothing satisfies my need.
It shuts me from the sound and sight
Of that pure world of life and light,
Which has no breadth or length or height.

Let me Thy power, Thy beauty see ;
So shall the hopeless labor cease,
And my free heart shall follow Thee
Through paths of everlasting peace.
My strength Thy gift, — my life Thy care, —
I shall forget to seek elsewhere
The wealth to which my soul is heir.

I was not called to walk alone,
To clothe *myself* with love and light ;

And for Thy glory, not my own,
My soul is precious in Thy sight.
My evil heart can never be
A home, a heritage for me,—
But Thou canst make it fit for Thee.

Miss A. L. Waring. 1862.



MY heart is resting, O my God,—
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine can fill,—
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set,—
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,—
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see ;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest,—
A calm assurance for to-day
That to be poor is best,—
A prayer reposing on His truth
Who hath made all things mine,
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

I will give thanks for suffering now,
For want and toil and loss,—
For the death that sin makes hard and slow,
Upon my Saviour's cross.
Thanks for the little spring of love
That gives me strength to say,
If they will leave me part in Him,
Let all things pass away.

Miss A. L. Waring. 1862.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee :
cause he trusteth in Thee." — Isa. xxvi. 3.

O THIS is blessing, this is rest !
Into thine arms, O Lord, I flee :
I hide me in thy faithful breast,
And pour out all my soul to Thee.
There is a host dissuading me, —
But, all their voices far above,
I hear thy words, — "O taste and see
The comfort of a Saviour's love."
And, hushing every adverse sound,
Songs of defence my soul surround,
As if all saints encamped about
One trusting heart, pursued by doubt.

And O how solemn, yet how sweet,
Their one assured, persuasive strain !
"The Lord of Hosts is thy retreat,
The Man who bore thy sin, thy pain.
Still in his hand thy times remain, —
Still of his body thou art part ;
And he will prove his right to reign
O'er all things that concern thy heart."
O tenderness, O truth divine !
Lord, I am altogether thine.
I have bowed down, — I need not flee, —
Peace, peace is mine in trusting Thee.

And now I count supremely kind
The rule that once I thought severe,
And precious to my altered mind
At length thy least reproofs appear.
Now to the love that casts out fear
Mercy and truth indeed seem one ;
Why should I hold my ease so dear ?
The work of training must be done.
I must be taught what I would know
I must be led where I would go,
And all the rest ordained for me,
Till that which is not seen I see,
Is to be found in trusting Thee.

Miss A. L. Waring.



PSALM xiii. 7, 8.

O not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey ;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away, —
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress :

I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.

O, 't is a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

While many sympathizing hearts
For my deliverance care,
Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love,
Art teaching me to bear,—
By the secret voice of thankful so
And calm, confiding prayer.

Thy love has many a lighted path
No outward eye can trace,
And my heart sees Thee in the deep
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world does not see,
What hand should pluck me from the flood
That casts my soul on Thee?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me?

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,

And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

O blessed are the eyes that see,
Though silent anguish show
The love that in their hours of sleep
Unthanked may come and go,
And blessed are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe.

Happy are they that learn, in Thee,
Though patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech,—
Peace that no pressure from without,
No strife within, can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For he was crucified;
And it is *fellowship* with him
That keeps me near his side.

My heart is fixed, O God, my strength,
My heart is strong to bear;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care.
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to his prayer.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,
How blest soe'er it be,—
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see ;
And O it is not hard to bear
What must be borne in Thee.

It is not hard to bear by faith
In Thy own bosom laid
The trial of a soul redeemed,
For Thy rejoicing made.
Well may the heart in patience rest,
That none can make afraid.

Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore, —
Borne onward, sin and death behind,
And love and life before, —
O let my soul abound in hope,
And praise Thee more and more !

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say, —
Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away ;
And let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

Miss A. L. Waring.

LOVE TO MY LORD.

"Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens."—
LAM. iii. 41.

"**H**AD I a thousand hearts, I 'd raise
Them all in my Redeemer's praise,"
We sometimes cry ;
And still we find it hard to give
Our one poor offering, and live
As He were by !

O purest, truest, boundless love !
Worthy of Him who reigns above, —
Our heavenly guide !
He takes the heart we fain would give,
He deigns in it himself to live,
With us to 'bide.

Tune, Lord, this heart as 'twere a lyre
Of heavenly make, till every wire
And every chord
Wake but one strain,— one deepest thrill,
Long, louder, sweeter, fuller still,—
Love to my Lord !

From Louisa von Plettenhaus.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell,—
Or could my faith the world remove,—
Still I am nothing without love.

Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor,—
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name,—

If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

Isaac Watts. 1674-1748.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

MY God ! Thy boundless love I praise ;
How bright on high its glories blaze !
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from Thine eternal throne ;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

'T is love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil ;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

But in Thy word I see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven ;
There, Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

Then let the love, that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;

And all my thoughts and passions tend
To Thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

Henry Moore. 1806.



GOD OUR SHEPHERD.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison. 1728.



SOWING AND REAPING.

“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.” — PSALM CXXVI. 5.

SOw with a generous hand ;
Pause not for toil or pain ;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain ;
But wait till the autumn comes,
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,—
A table will be spread ;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread ?
Sow while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow ; — while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth’s bosom deep,

And your warm tears fall upon it,
They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow, — for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day,
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow, — and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

Miss A. A. Procter.



A DESIRE.

O TO have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of the Lord shone bright !
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night !

To have kissed the tender, way-worn feet
Of the Mother undefiled,
And, with reverent wonder and deep delight,
To have tended the Holy Child!

Hush! such a glory was not for thee;
But that care may still be thine;
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now,
To thy heart and thy home to take?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Mary's sake?

O to have knelt at Jesus' feet,
And to have learnt His heavenly lore!
To have listened the gentle lessons He taught
On mountain and sea and shore!
While the rich and the mighty knew Him not,
To have meekly done His will!—
Hush! for the worldly reject Him yet,
You can serve and love Him still.
Time cannot silence His mighty words,
And though ages have fled away,
His gentle accents of love divine
Speak to your soul to-day.

O to have solaced that weeping one
Whom the righteous dared despise!

To have tenderly bound up her scattered hair,
And have dried her tearful eyes !
Hush ! there are broken hearts to soothe,
And penitent tears to dry,
While Magdalen prays for you and them,
From her home in the starry sky.

O to have followed the mournful way
Of those faithful few forlorn !
And, grace beyond even an angel's hope,
The Cross for our Lord have borne !
To have shared in His tender mother's grief,
To have wept at Mary's side,
To have lived as a child in her home, and then
In her loving care have died !

Hush ! and with reverent sorrow still
Mary's great anguish share ;
And learn, for the sake of her Son divine,
Thy cross, like His, to bear.
The sorrows that weigh on thy soul unite
With those which thy Lord has borne,
And Mary will comfort thy dying hour,
Nor leave thy soul forlorn.

O to have seen what we now adore,
And, though veiled to faithless sight,
To have known, in the form that Jesus wore,
The Lord of Life and Light !

Hush ! for He dwells among us still,
And a grace can yet be thine,
Which the scoffer and doubter can never know,
The Presence of the Divine.
Jesus is with His children yet,
For His word can never deceive ;
Go where His lowly altars rise,
And worship, and believe.

Miss A. A. Procter. 1859.



THE STRANGER.

A POOR wayfaring Man of grief.
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, Nay.
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered,—not a word he spake,—
Just perishing for want of bread ;
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,

And ate,—but gave me part again :
Mine was an angel's portion then ;
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on :
I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'T was night ; the floods were out ; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof ;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed :
I had myself a wound concealed ;

But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's death at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'midst shame and scorn ;
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die ?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The Stranger darted from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes !
He spake ; and my poor name he named :
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

James Montgomery. 1826.



QUIET.



THE INNER CALM.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,

Calm in my hour of pain,

Calm in my poverty or wealth,

Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,

Like Him who bore my shame,

Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,

Who hate Thy holy name;

Calm when the great world's news with power

My listening spirit stir;

Let not the tidings of the hour

E'er find too fond an ear;

Calm as the ray of sun or star

Which storms assail in vain,

Moving unruffled through earth's war,

The eternal calm to gain.

H. Bonar. 1856.



BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD.

HE who himself and God would know,
Into the silence let him go,
And, lifting off pall after pall,
Reach to the inmost depth of all.

Let him look forth into the night ;
What solemn depths, what silent might !
Those ancient stars, how calm they roll, —
He but an atom 'mid the whole !

And, as the evening wind sweeps by,
He needs must feel his God as nigh ;
Must needs that unseen Presence own,
Thus always near, too long unknown.

How small, in that uplifted hour,
Temptation's lure and passion's power !
How weak the foe that made him fall,
How strong the soul to conquer all !

A mighty mind of nobler will
Sends through his soul its quickening thrill ;
No more a creature of the clod,
He knows himself a child of God.

Martineau.

—♦—

HATH not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power ?

Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
 While ancient rivers murmured by,
 A voice from forth th' eternal shades,
 That spake a present Deity ?

And as upon the sacred page
 Thine eye in rapt attention turned
 O'er records of a holier age,
 Hath not thy heart within thee burned ?

It was the voice of God that spake
 In silence to thy silent heart,
 And bade each worthier thought awake,
 And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, O yet be near !
 In low, sweet accents whisper peace ;
 Direct us on our pathway here,
 Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

Bulfinch.



FOR INWARD PEACE.

O FOR a heart of calm repose
 Amid the world's loud roar,
 A life that like a river flows
 Along a peaceful shore !

Come, Holy Spirit, still my heart
With gentleness divine ;
Indwelling peace Thou canst impart,
O make that blessing mine !

Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair ;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air !

Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace !
That victory make me win !
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.



O PEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of thy voice ;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place,
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

From the world of sin and noise
And hurry I withdraw ;

For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe ;
Silent I am now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move ;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

Meth. Coll.



LET deepest silence all around
Its peaceful shelter spread ;
So shall the living word abound,
The word that wakes the dead.

How sweet to wait upon the Lord
In stillness and in prayer !
What though no preacher speak the word,
A minister is there.

He knows to bend the heart of steel,
He bows the loftiest soul ;
O'er all we think and all we feel
How matchless his control !

And O how precious is his love
In tender mercy given !
It whispers of the blest above,
And stays the soul on heaven.

From mind to mind, in streams of joy,
The holy influence spreads ;
'T is peace, 't is praise without alloy,
For God that influence sheds.

To Thee, O God, we still will pray,
And praise Thee as before ;
For this thy glorious Gospel-day
Teach us to praise Thee more.

J. J. Gurney.



THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My Help and Refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if thou art mine.
And, lo ! from sin and grief and shame
I hide me, Father, in thy name.

Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above ;
Comfort it brings, and power and peace,
And joy and everlasting love :
To me, through thy dear Son, are given
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Father, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The balm to heal my broken heart;
In storms my peace, in loss my gain;
My joy beneath the worldling's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;—

In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My refuge in temptation's hour;
My comfort 'midst all grief and pain,
My life in death, my endless gain.

C. Wesley. 1739–1762.



THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed;
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;

By flowing stream or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings ;
A well of peace within it springs :
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will !

Isaac Williams. 1842.



PSALM CXXXI.

QUIET, Lord, my foward heart ;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art ;
Make me as a weanéd child ;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;

'T is enough that Thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone ; —
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

John Newton. 1779.



O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here !
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees ;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
 Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
 Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

He wants no pomp nor royal throne
 To raise his honors here ;
Content and pleased to live unknown,
 Till Christ his life appear.

Isaac Watts. 1674-1748.



HIDING IN GOD.

Psalm xxxi. 20.

NOT from the work appointed us to do
 Our Maker hides us ;
Not from the suffering of mortal woe,
 That oft betides us :

But whoso treadeth where the Saviour trod,
 Where duty guideth,
Fearful of nothing but the power of God,
 His Maker hideth.

He walks amid the furnace-fires alone,
 Yet well attended ;
For lo ! there stands beside him God's own Son,
 To earth descended.

Thousands and tens of thousands smitten lie
 Breathless around him ;
Safe in the secret place of the Most High,
 Death hath not found him.

Quiet in God, — the ever-present seal
 Of faith unspoken, —
Believing faces, infant lips, reveal
 Its nameless token ;

A gift bestowed upon the poor oppressed,
 To kings forbidden ;
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings to rest,
 Securely hidden.

To bear for them the cross, as if for Thee,
 Strengthen me ever ;
Among Thine hidden ones, O number me,
 Now and forever !

"O LORD! HOW HAPPY IS THE TIME."

O LORD! how happy is the time
When in Thy love I rest,—
When from my weariness I climb
E'en to Thy tender breast.
The night of sorrow endeth there,
Thy rays outshine the sun,
And in Thy pardon and Thy care
The heaven of heavens is won.

Let the world call itself my foe,
Or let the world allure,
I care not for the world, — I go
To this tried friend and sure.
And when life's fiercest storms are sent
Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident
Because it holds by Thee.

When the law threatens endless death
Upon the dreadful hill,
Straightway from its consuming breath
My soul mounts higher still.
She hastens to Jesus, wounded, slain,
And finds in Him a home,

Whence she shall not go forth again,
And where no death can come.

I do not fear the wilderness
Where Thou hast been before ; —
Nay, rather would I daily press
After Thee, near Thee, more !
Thou art my strength ; on Thee I lean ;
My heart Thou makest sing ;
And to Thy pastures green at length
Thy chosen flock wilt bring.

And if the gate that opens there
Is closed to other men,
Is it not closed to those who share
The heart of Jesus then ?
That is not losing much of life
Which is not losing Thee,
Who art as present in the strife
As in the victory !

Therefore, how happy is the time
When in Thy love I rest ;
When from my weariness I climb
E'en to Thy tender breast.
The night of sorrow endeth there,
Thy rays outshine the sun,
And in Thy pardon and Thy care
The heaven of heavens is won.

From the German of Dresler.

TRUST.

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
Shall be my lot ;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best, or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain ;
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee ;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine ;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board ;
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,—
 I shall not fall.
 If sharp, 't is short,—if long, 't is light,—
 He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land,—
 The end is this;
 And then with Him go hand in hand
 Far into bliss.

Dean of Canterbury.



REST IN THE LORD.

MY God, in Thee all fulness lies,
 All want in me from Thee apart;
 In Thee my soul hath endless joys,
 In me is but an aching heart;
 Poor as the poorest here I pine,
 In Thee a heavenly kingdom 's mine.

Thou seest whatsoe'er I need,
 Thou seest it, and pitiest me;
 Thy swift compassions hither speed,
 Ere yet my woes are told to Thee;
 Thou hearest, Father, ere we cry,—
 Shall I not still before Thee lie?

I leave to Thee whate'er is mine,
And in Thy will I calmly rest;
I know that richest gifts are Thine,
Thou canst and Thou wilt make me blest,
For Thou hast promised, and our Lord
Will never break His promised word.

Thou lovest me, Father, with the love
Wherewith Thou lovedst Christ thy Son,
And so a brightness from above
Still glads me, though my tears may run;
For in Thy love I find and know
What all the world could ne'er bestow.

Then I can let the world go by,
And yet be still and rest in Thee;
I sit, I walk, I stand, I lie,
Thou ever watchest over me,
And when the yoke is pressing sore,
I think, my God lives evermore!

Lyra Germanica.



DISCIPLINE.

THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend,
The peace of God, which Christ has bought,
The peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consumed
 While God remainéd there ;
 The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
 Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand ;
 But Zion's God sits by,
 As the refiner views his gold,
 With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, His love is wise,
 His wounds a cure intend ;
 And, though He does not always smile,
 He loves unto the end.

*Cento by Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. 1780.
 From John Mason. 1683.*



RESTING IN GOD.

MY God protects ; my fears begone !
 What can the Rock of Ages move ?
 Safe in thine arms I lay me down,
 Thine everlasting arms of love.

While Thou art intimately nigh,
 Who, who shall violate my rest ?

All powers of evil I defy;
I lean upon my Father's breast.

I rest beneath the Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

Charles Wesley. 1739 - 1762.



"So that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was building." — I KINGS vi. 7.

WHEN God upheaved the pillared earth,
Hung out the stars, to light gave birth,
Opened its deeps, its carpet spread,
'T was silence all, as chaos fled.

When rose the fane on Zion's hill,
A work of matchless power and skill,
No axe was heard, no hammer there;
But all was still as summer air.

Thus laboring through life's working day,
In gold or marble, wood or clay,
Let Art, through us, its empire pure
By quiet toil and skill secure.

Thus air and flame shall space o'ercome,
 And bring the distant near to home ;
 While thought in channels new shall flow,
 And round the world in silence go.

Great God ! thus let the temple rise
 Whose altar-stone within us lies,
 Silent and calm, with skill divine,
 Till light immortal round it shine.

Lewis G. Pray.



THE HEART'S PRAYER.

AS, down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
 So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
 Unheard by the world, rises, silent, to Thee,
 My God ! silent, to Thee,—
 Pure, warm, silent, to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
 So, dark when I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns, trembling, to Thee,
 My God ! trembling, to Thee,—
 True, sure, trembling, to Thee.

T. Moore.

PEACE, TROUBLED SOUL.

PEACE, troubled soul! Thou needst not fear,
Thy great Protector still is near;
He who has fed will feed thee still;
Be calm, and sink into His will;
Who hears the ravens when they cry
Will all His children's needs supply.

Peace, doubting heart! distrust not God;
Though dark the valley, steep the way,
Still lean upon His staff and rod,
Still make His providence thy stay:
A sudden calm thy soul shall fill;—
Tis God who whispers, Peace, be still!



SUMMER STUDIES.

WHY shouldst thou study in the month of June
In dusky books of Greek and Hebrew lore,
When the Great Teacher of all glorious things
Passes in hourly light before thy door?

There is a brighter book unrolling now ;
Fair are its leaves as is the tree of heaven,
All veined, and dewed, and gemmed with wondrous signs,
To which a healing, mystic power is given.

A thousand voices to its study call,
From the fair hill-top, from the water-fall ;
Where the bird singeth, and the yellow bee,
And the breeze talketh from the airy tree.

Now is that glorious resurrection time,
When all earth's buried beauties have new birth :
Behold the yearly miracle complete, —
God hath created a new heaven and earth !

No tree that wants his joyful garments now,
No flower but hastens his bravery to don ;
God bids thee to this marriage-feast of joy,
Let thy soul put the wedding garment on.

All fringed with festal gold the barberry stands,
The ferns exultant clap their new-made wings,
The hemlock rustles broideries of fresh green,
And thousand bells of pearl the blueberry rings.

The long, light fingers of the old white pines
Do beckon thee into the flickering wood,
Where moving spots of light show mystic flowers,
And wavering music fills the dreamy hours.

Hast thou no *time* for all this wondrous show,—
No thought to spare? Wilt thou forever be
With thy last year's dry flower-stalk and dead leaves,
And no new shoot or blossom on thy tree?

See how the pines push off their last year's leaves,
And stretch beyond them with exultant bound;
The grass and flowers with living power o'ergrow
Their last year's remnants on the greening ground.

Wilt thou then all thy wintry feelings keep,
The old dead routine of thy book-writ lore,
Nor deem that God can teach by one bright hour
What life hath never taught to thee before?

See what vast leisure, what unbounded rest,
Lie in the bending dome of the blue sky;
Ah! breathe that life-born languor from thy breast,
And know once more a child's unreasoning joy.

Cease, cease to *think*, and be content *to be*;
Swing safe at anchor in fair Nature's bay;
Reason no more, but o'er thy quiet soul
Let God's sweet teachings ripple their soft way.

Soar with the birds, and flutter with the leaf;
Dance with the seeded grass in fringy play;
Sail with the cloud; wave with the dreaming pine,
And float with Nature all the livelong day.

Call not such hours an idle waste of life ;
Land that lies fallow gains a quiet power ;
It treasures from the brooding of God's wings
Strength to unfold the future tree and flower.

So shall it be with thee, if restful still
Thou rightly studiest in the summer hour ;
Like a deep fountain which a brook doth fill,
Thy mind in seeming rest shall gather power.

And when the summer's glorious show is past,
Its miracles no longer charm thy sight,
The treasured riches of these thoughtful hours
Shall make thy wintry musings warm and bright.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.



OLD AGE.



ONLY WAITING.

A very aged Christian, who was so poor as to be in an almshouse, was asked what he was doing now. He replied, "ONLY WAITING."

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown ;
Till the night of earth is faded
 From the heart once full of day ;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
 Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
 Have the last sheaf gathered home ;
For the summer-time is faded,
 And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
 The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
 And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose foot I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices, far away ;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown ;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown :
Then from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.



THE BORDER LAND.

FATHER ! into Thy loving hands
My feeble spirit I commit,
While wandering in these border-lands
Until Thy voice shall summon it.

Father ! I would not dare to choose
A longer life, — an earlier death ;
I know not what my soul might lose
By shortened or protracted breath.

These border lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades ;
And my heart welcomes them until
The light of life's long evening fades.

I heard them spoken of with dread,
As fearful and unquiet places ;
Shades where the living and the dead
Look sadly in each other's faces.

But since Thy hand hath led me here,
And I have seen the border land, —
Seen the dark river flowing near,
Stood on its brink as now I stand, —

There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul ; how could I fear
While thus encircled with Thine arm ?
I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appall me in a place
That brings me hourly nearer Thee ?
Where I may almost see Thy face, —
Surely 't is here my soul would be !

They say the waves are dark and deep,—
 That faith has perished in the river;
 They speak of death with fear—and weep;
 Shall my soul perish? never, never!

I know that Thou wilt never leave
 The soul that trembles while it clings
 To Thee; I know Thou wilt achieve
 Its passage on Thine outstretched wings.

I cannot see the golden gate
 Unfolding yet to welcome me;
 I cannot yet anticipate
 The joy of heaven's jubilee.

But I will calmly watch and pray,
 Until I hear my Saviour's voice
 Calling my happy soul away
 To see His glory, and rejoice.



THE TABERNACLE.

HOW meanly dwells the immortal mind!
 How vile these bodies are!
 Why was a clod of earth designed
 To enclose a heavenly star?

Weak cottage where our souls reside !
This flesh a tottering wall,
With frightful breaches gaping wide,
The building bends to fall.

All round it storms of trouble blow,
And waves of sorrow roll ;
Cold winds and winter storms beat through,
And pain the tenant soul.

“ Alas ! how frail our state ! ” said I,
And thus went murmuring on,
Till sudden from the clearing sky
A gleam of glory shone.

My soul felt all the glory come,
And breathed her native air ;
Then she remembered heaven her home,
And she a prisoner here.

Straight she began to change her key,
And, joyful in her pains,
She sung the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

How weak the prison where I dwell !
Flesh but a tottering wall ;
These breaches cheerfully foretell
The house must shortly fall.

No more, my friends, shall I complain,
Though all my heart-strings ache ;
Welcome disease and every pain
That makes the cottage shake !

Now let the tempest blow around,
Now swell the surges high,
And beat the house of bondage down,
And let the stranger fly !

I have a mansion built above
By the Eternal Hand ;
And should the earth's old basis move,
My heavenly house must stand.

Isaac Watts. 1674-1748.



I AM old and blind !
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind ;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;
I murmur not that I no longer see ;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme ! to Thee.

O merciful One !
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near ;
When friends pass by me, and my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me ; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place, —
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown :
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, — thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing ;
Beneath it I am almost sacred ; here
Can come no evil thing.

O, I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go :
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

Is it nothing now,
 When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes? —
 When airs from paradise refresh my brow
 The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
 My being fills with rapture, — waves of thought
 Roll in upon my spirit, — strains sublime
 Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
 I feel the stirrings of a gift divine:
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
 Lit by no skill of mine.

Elizabeth Lloyd Howell.



THE AGED BELIEVER.

WITH years oppressed, with sorrow worn,
 Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
 To Thee, O God, I pray :
 To Thee my withered hands arise,
 To Thee I lift these failing eyes ;
 O cast me not away!

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer,
Thy love with all a mother's care
Sustained my childish days :
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love Thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

O Saviour, has Thy grace declined ?
Can years affect the Eternal mind,
Or time its love decay ?
A thousand ages in Thy sight,
And all their long and weary flight
Is gone like yesterday.

Then, even in age and grief, Thy name
Shall still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knee ;
O yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for Thee.

Yes ! broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long ;
Till, sinking slow with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song.

Sir Robert Grant. 1839.

GRAY HAIRS.

THESE hairs of age are messengers,
Which bid me fast, repent, and pray ;
They be of death the harbingers,
That do prepare and dress the way ;
Wherefore I joy that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length
How far my race was for to run ;
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how old age is well begun ;
The which I feel, and you may see
Such lines upon my head to be.

They be the strings of sober sound,
Whose music is harmonical ;
Their tunes declare a time from ground
I came, and how thereto I shall ;
Wherefore I love that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

God grant to those that white hairs have,
No worse them take than I have meant ;

That after they be laid in grave,

Their souls may joy, their lives well spent ;
God grant, likewise, that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

Lord Vaux. 1530.



WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

WOULD you be young again ?
So would not I ; —
One tear to memory given,
Onward I 'll hie ; —
Life's dark wave forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh ?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way ?

Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray ?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward, away !

Where are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight,
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight?
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the home for me ;
Fly, time, fly speedily,
Come, life and light !

*Written in her 76th year by Caroline,
Baroness of Nairn.*



“COME UNTO ME.”

COME unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distrest,
Seeking for comfort from your Heavenly Father,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest !

Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.

Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed ;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

A WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year !

Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes !

Ye wheels of nature, speed your course !
Ye mortal powers, decay !
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day !

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of Love divine
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

His Grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

Fastened within the veil,
Hope be your anchor strong ;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale
That wafts you smooth along.

Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

The people of His choice
He will not cast away ;
Yet do not always here expect
On Tabor's mount to stay.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control ;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

No wonder, when His love
Pervades your kindling breast,
You wish forever to retain
The heart-transporting Guest.

Yet learn, in every state,
To make His will your own ;
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To walk by faith alone.

By anxious fear depressed,
When from the deep ye mourn,
“ Lord, why so hasty to depart,
So tedious in return ? ”

Still on His plighted Love
At all events rely;
The very hidings of His face
Shall train thee up to joy.

Wait, till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;
Wait, till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveal His Love with power.

The time of Love will come,
When thou shalt clearly see,
Not only that He shed His blood,
But that it flowed for thee!

Tarry His leisure, then,
Although He seem to stay;
A moment's intercourse with Him
Thy grief will overpay.

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

A. M. Toplady. 1772.

SKIES are dark and winds are moaning,
Leaves around us falling fast,
Autumn's saddening power is on us,
Bringing memories of the past.

Days of joy, when friends were with us,
Friends of blood, and friends of time,
Days when thought grew great and glorious,
Days of hope almost sublime.

Veil, in mercy veil the future !
Let the present be our cross ;
Meekly may we bear it, waiting
Future strength for future loss.

When these bodies, worn and wasted,
Fall like leaves 'neath autumn's blight,
Take, O take our spirits upward
To the realms of heavenly light !

Light, that 's born of our decay,
Light, that ne'er shall waste away,
Light, that ages shall increase,
Light of Life, and endless Peace.

Mrs. S. A. Morewood. 1862.

"He was in all points tempted like as we are." — HEB. iv. 15.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain :
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do,
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe ;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair

Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, mark'ſt the tears I ſhed,
For Thou didſt weep o'er Lazarus dead !

And O, when I have safely paſt
Through every conflict but the laſt,
Still, ſtill unchanging, watch beſide
My dying bed, for thou haſt died ;
Then point to realms of cloudleſs day,
And wipe the laſteſt tear awaу !

Then come, Lord Jesus ! come with speed,
And help me in my hour of need ;
Then hide my ſins, and let my faith
Be brave and conquer ev'n in death ;
Then let me, reſting on Thy word,
Securely ſleep in Thee, my Lord.

Sir Robert Grant. 1839.

THE DESIRED HAVEN.

LORD, the lights are gleaming from the distant shore,
Where no billows threaten, where no tempests roar;
Long-beloved voices calling me I hear,—
O, how sweet *their* summons falls upon my ear !
Here are foes and strangers, faithless hearts and cold ;
There is fond affection, fondly proved of old !
Let me haste to join them; may it not be so ?
 Loose the cable, let me go !

Hark, the solemn answer ! hark, the promise sure !
Blessed are the servants who to the end endure !
Yet a little longer hope and tarry on,—
Yet a little longer, weak and weary one !
More to perfect patience, to grow in faith and love,
More my strength and wisdom and faithfulness to prove ;
Then the sailing-orders the Captain shall bestow,—
 Loose the cable, let thee go !

Hymns of the Church Militant.

WHEN in the vale of lengthened years
My feeble feet shall tread,
And I survey the various scenes
Through which I have been led,—

How many mercies will my life
Before my view unfold !
What countless dangers will be passed,
What tales of sorrow told !

But yet, my soul, if thou canst say,
I 've seen my God in all,
In every blessing owned his hand,
In every loss his call ; —

If piety has marked my steps,
And love my actions formed,
And purity possessed my heart,
And truth my lips adorned ; —

If I an aged servant am
Of Jesus and of God,
I need not fear the closing scene,
Nor dread th' appointed road.

This scene will all my labors end,
This road conduct on high;
With comfort I'll review the past,
And triumph though I die.

—♦—

THE DAWN.

THESE years of life,—what do they seem?
A little dream
Of pain and pleasure blent together,—
A time of sharply changing weather;
When brilliant sunbeams gleam and die
On heavy storm-clouds sailing by,—
Where falling tears
Are bright with hope, and cold with fears.

The years, the clouds, have had their course,—
Their mingled force
Has bowed my heart and bent my head,—
Sunshine and storm alike are fled,
And in their place a heavy gray
Dulls all the tinting of the day.
Shall growing light
Follow the gray? — or deepening night?

What shall the future progress be
Of life with me?

God knows,— I roll on Him my care,—
Night is not night if He be there.
When daylight is no longer mine,
And stars forbidden are to shine,
I 'll turn my eyes
To where eternal day shall rise.

That coming light no mortal cloud
Can quite enshroud !

Through all our doubts,— above the range
Of every fear, and every change,—
My faith can see, with weary eye,
The dawn of heaven on earth's dim sky ;
And from afar
Shines on my soul the morning star.

Hymns of the Church Militant.



G OD of my childhood and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart ?
 Who shall sustain my sinking years,
 If God, my strength, depart ?

Let me thy power and truth proclaim
 Before the rising age,
 And leave a savor of thy name
 When I shall quit the stage.

The land of silence and of death
 Attends my next remove ;
 O may these poor remains of breath
 Teach all the world thy love !

Isaac Watts. 1674-1748.



WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
 How calm he meets the friendly shore,
 Who lived averse from sin !
 Such peace on virtue's paths attends,
 That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,
 The Christian's joys begin.

See smiling patience smooth his brow !
 See bending angels downward bow,
 To cheer his way on high !

While, eager for the blest abode,
He joins with them to praise the God
Who taught him how to die.

No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes ;
No horror wrefts the struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast ;
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours kindly solace from above,
And soothes his soul to rest.

O grant, my Father and my Friend,
Such joys may gild my peaceful end, —
So calm my evening close ;
While, loosed from every earthly tie,
With steady confidence I fly
To Thee from whom I rose.

W. Boston Coll.



THE hour of my departure 's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home :
Now, O my Lord, let trouble cease,
Now let thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run ;
The combat 's o'er, the prize is won ;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record 's in the sky.

I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear:
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

I come, I come ; at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand ;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

The hour of my departure 's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home :
Now, O my God, let trouble cease ;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

John Logan. 1770.



HOW blest is he whose tranquil mind,
When life declines, recalls again
The years that time has cast behind,
And reaps delight from toil and pain.

So, when the transient storm is past,
The sudden gloom and driving shower,
The sweetest sunshine is the last ;
The loveliest is the evening hour.

THE RIVER PATH.

NO bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew;

For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side
We saw the hill-tops glorified,—

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom :
With them the sunset's rosy bloom ;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed,
A long, flant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded stream with gold;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

“So,” prayed we, “when our feet draw near
The river, dark with mortal fear,

“And the night cometh chill with dew,
O Father! let thy light break through!

“So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

“So let the eyes that fail on earth
On thy eternal hills look forth;

“And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below!”

J. G. Whittier. 1860.

"AT EVENING THERE SHALL BE LIGHT."

OUR pathway oft is wet with tears,
Our sky with clouds o'ercast,
And worldly cares and worldly fears
 Go with us to the last ;—
Not to the last ! God's word hath said,
 Could we but read aright :
O pilgrim ! lift in hope thy head,
 At eve it shall be light !

Though earth-born shadows now may shroud
 Our toilsome path awhile,
God's blessed word can part each cloud,
 And bid the sunshine smile.
If we but trust in living faith,
 His love and power divine,
Then, though our sun may set in death,
 His light shall round us shine.

When tempest-clouds are dark on high,
 His bow of love and peace
Shines beauteous in the vaulted sky,
 A pledge that storms shall cease.

Then keep we on, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And we shall own His word fulfilled,—
At eve it shall be light !

Bernard Barton.



GRACIOUS Source of every blessing !
Guard our breasts from anxious fears ;
Let us each, thy care possessing,
Sink into the vale of years.

All our hopes on thee reclining,
Peace companion of our way,
May our sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.



D E A T H.



EVENING LIGHT.

BEHOLD the western evening light!
It melts in deepening gloom:
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low ; the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree :
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed !
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
'T is like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night
The vesper-star appears :
So faith springs in the heart of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glory shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

W. B. O. Peabody. 1840.



IN VIEW OF DEATH.

THE hour, the hour, the parting hour,
That takes from this dark world its power,
And lays at once the thorn and flower
On the same withering bier, my soul !
The hour that ends all earthly woes,
And gives the wearied soul repose,—
How soft, how sweet, that last long close
Of mortal hope and fear, my soul !

How sweet, while on this broken lyre
The melodies of time expire,
To feel it strung with chords of fire
To praise the Immortal One, my soul !

And while our farewell tears we pour
To those we leave on this cold shore,
To feel that we shall weep no more,
 Nor dwell in heaven alone, my soul !

How sweet, while, waning fast away,
The stars of this dim world decay,
To hail, prophetic of the day,
 The golden dawn above, my soul !
To feel we only sleep to rise
In sunnier lands and fairer skies,
To bind again our broken ties
 In ever-living love, my soul !

The hour, the hour, so pure and calm,
That bathes the wounded soul in balm,
And round the pale brow twines the palm
 That shuns this wintry clime, my soul !
The hour that draws o'er earth and all
Its briars and blooms the mortal pall,—
How soft, how sweet, that evening-fall
 Of fears, and grief, and time, my soul !

TIME AND ETERNITY.

I T is not time that flies ;
'T is we, 't is we are flying :
It is not Life that dies ;
'T is we, 't is we are dying.
Time and eternity are one ;
Time is eternity begun :
Life changes, yet without decay ;
'T is we alone who pass away.

It is not Truth that flies ;
'T is we, 't is we are flying :
It is not Faith that dies ;
'T is we, 't is we are dying.
O ever-during faith and truth,
Whose youth is age, whose age is youth !
Twin stars of immortality,
Ye cannot perish from our sky.

It is not Hope that flies ;
'T is we, 't is we are flying :
It is not Love that dies ;
'T is we, 't is we are dying.
Twin streams, that have in heaven your birth,
Ye slide in gentle joy through earth.

We fade, like flowers beside you sown ;
Ye are still flowing, flowing on.

Yet we but die to live ;
It is from death we're flying :
Forever lives our life ;
For us there is no dying.

We die but as the spring-bud dies,
In summer's golden glow to rise.
These be our days of April bloom ;
Our July is beyond the tomb.

H. Bonar. 1856.



ON THE THRESHOLD.

I 'M returning, not departing ;
My steps are homeward bound.
I quit the land of strangers
For a home on native ground.

I am rising, and not setting ;
This is not night, but day.
Not in darkness, but in sunshine,
Like a star, I fade away.

All is well with me forever,
I do not fear to go.

My tide is but beginning
Its bright eternal flow.

I am leaving only shadows,
For the true and fair and good.
I must not, cannot linger ;
I would not, though I could.

This is not death's dark portal,
'T is life's golden gate to me.
Link after link is broken,
And I at last am free.

I am going to the angels,
I am going to my God ;
I know the hand that beckons,
I see the holy road.

Why grieve me with your weeping,
Your tears are all in vain ;
An hour's farewell, beloved,
And we shall meet again.

Jesus, thou wilt receive me,
And welcome me above ;
This sunshine which now fills me
Is thine own smile of love.

H. Bonar. 1856.

THE DEAD.

THOU God of Love! beneath thy sheltering wings
We leave our holy dead,
To rest in hope! From this world's sufferings
Their souls have fled!

O, when our souls are burdened with the weight
Of life, and all its woes,
Let us remember them, and calmly wait
For our life's close!

Anon.



FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,

Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone :
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines
Till we are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night ;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

James Montgomery. 1824



OUR SAINTS.

FROM the eternal shadow rounding
All unsure and starlight here,
Voices of our lost ones sounding,
Bid us be of heart and cheer,
Through the silence, down the spaces, falling on the in
ward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward, as in sad surprise,
All our strife of words rebuking
With their mild and earnest eyes ?
Shall we grieve the holy angels, shall we cloud their
blessed skies ?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us,
Which have fallen in our way :
Let us do the work before us
Calmly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it is not
day !

J. G. Whittier. 1860.

—♦—

THE CLOUD ON THE WAY.

SEE, before us in our journey broods a mist upon the
ground ;
Thither leads the path we walk in, blending with that
gloomy bound.
Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mystery they
screen,
Those who once have passed within it nevermore on
earth are seen.

Now it seems to stop beside us, now at seeming distance
lowers,

Leaving banks that tempt us onward bright with sum-
mer green and flowers.

Yet it blots the way forever; there our journey ends at
last;

Into that dark cloud we enter, and are gathered to the
past.

Thou who in this flinty pathway, leading through a
stranger land,

Passest down the rocky valley, walking with me hand in
hand,

Which of us shall be the soonest folded to that dim
Unknown,

Which shall leave the other walking in this flinty path
alone?

Even now I see thee shudder, and thy cheek is white
with fear,

And thou clingest to my side as that dark mist comes
sweeping near.

“Here,” thou sayst, “the path is rugged, sown with
thorns that wound the feet;

But the sheltered glens are lovely, and the rivulet’s song
is sweet;

Roses breathe from tangled thickets; lilies bend from
ledges brown;

Pleasantly between the pelting showers the sunshine gushes
down.

Far be yet the hour that takes me where that chilly
shadow lies,

From the things I know and love, and from the sight
of loving eyes."

So thou murmurest, fearful one, but see, we tread a
rougher way;

Fainter grow the gleams of sunshine that upon the dark
rocks play;

Rude winds strew the faded flowers upon the crags o'er
which we pass;

Banks of verdure, when we reach them, hiss with tufts
of withered grass.

Yet upon the mist before us fix thine eyes with closer
view;

See, beneath its sullen skirts, the rosy morning glimmers
through.

One, whose feet the thorns have wounded, entered and
came back,

With a glory on his footsteps lighting yet the dreary
track.

Boldly enter where he entered; all that seems but dark-
ness here,

When thou once hast past beyond it, haply shall be
crystal clear.

Seen from that serener realm, the walks of human life
may lie

Like the page of some familiar volume open to mine
eye.

Haply from the o'erhanging shadow thou mayst stretch
an unseen hand,

To support the wavering steps that print with blood the
rugged land.

Haply, leaning o'er the pilgrim all unweeting thou art
near,
Thou mayst whisper words of warning or of comfort in
his ear,
Till, beyond the border where that brooding mystery
bars the sight,
Those whom thou hast fondly cherished stand with thee
in peace and light.

Wm. C. Bryant. 1860.



O SPIRIT, freed from earth,
Rejoice thy work is done!
The weary world's beneath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun.

Arise, put on the robes
That the redeem'd win;
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified within!

Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime!
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time!

Awake, lift up thine eyes !
See, all heaven's host appears !
And be thou glad exceedingly,—
Thou who hast done with tears.

Ascend ! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth ;
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth !

Mrs. Howitt. 1860.



H E A V E N.



THE NEW SONG.

B EYOND the hills where suns go down,
And brightly beckon as they go,
I see the land of far renown,
The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of time,
And discord of its angry words,
I hear the everlasting chime,
The music of unjarring chords.

I bid it welcome ; and my haste
To join it cannot brook delay ; —
O song of morning, come at last,
And ye who sing it, come away !

O song of light and dawn and bliss,
Sound over earth, and fill these skies,
Nor ever, ever, ever cease
Thy soul-entrancing melodies !

Glad song of this disburdened earth,
Which holy voices then shall sing :
Praise for creation's second birth,
And glory to creation's King !

H. Bonar. 1856.

THE OTHER WORLD.

IT lies around us like a cloud,—
A world we do not see ;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek ;
Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

The silence — awful, sweet, and calm —
They have no power to break ;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,—
They seem to lull us to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring
'T is easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently dream in loving arms
To swoon to that — from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,
Press nearer to our side,
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream:
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe. 1860.

FOREVER with the Lord !
Amen ! so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul ! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear !

Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above !

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies ;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease ;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace !

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel, that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

“Forever with the Lord !”
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of that gracious word,
E'en here, to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand,
Then shall I never fail ;
Uphold me, and I needs must stand ;
Fight, and I shall prevail.

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
“Forever with the Lord!”

J. Montgomery. 1853.

THREE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

O, could we make our doubts remove,
 These gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unclouded eyes,—

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,—
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts. 1674–1748.



THE SURPASSING GLORY OF GOD.

SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
 Such radiant gems are strown,
 O, what magnificence must glow,
 Great God, about Thy throne !
 So brilliant here these drops of light,—
 There the full ocean rolls — how bright !

If night's blue curtain of the sky —
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy
With glittering diamonds fraught —
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell !

The dazzling sun at noonday hour —
Forth from his flaming vase
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
Till vale and mountain blaze —
But shows, O Lord, one beam of Thine :
What, then, the day where Thou dost shine !

O, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays !
Or how our spirits, so impure,
Upon Thy glory gaze !
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.



HEAVEN.

B EYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies, —
Beyond death's cloudy portal, —
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal, —

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But bloom for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers ;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision ;
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes these gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown ! O land of love divine !
Father all wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.

Miss N. A. W. Priest. 1860.

MATTHEW V. 3-10.

THERE is a dwelling-place above ;
Thither, to meet the God of love,
The poor in spirit go :
There is a paradise of rest ;
For contrite hearts and souls distrest
Its streams of comfort flow.

There is a goodly heritage,
Where earthly passions cease to rage ;
The meek that haven gain :
There is a board, where they who pine,
Hungry, athirst, for grace divine,
May feast, nor crave again.

There is a voice to mercy true ;
To them who mercy's path pursue
That voice shall bliss impart :
There is a sight from man concealed ;
That sight, the face of God revealed,
Shall bless the pure in heart.

There is a name, in heaven bestowed ;
That name, which hails them sons of God,
The friends of peace shall know :

There is a kingdom in the sky,
 Where they shall reign with God on high,
 Who serve Him best below.

Lord! be it mine like them to choose
 The better part, like them to use
 The means Thy love hath given
 Be holiness my aim on earth,
 That death be welcomed as a birth
 To life and bliss in Heaven!

Bishop R. Mant. 1831.



THE CITY OF REST.

“And the name of that city is rest.”

O BIRDS from out the east, O birds from out the west,
 Have ye found that happy city in all your weary quest?
 Tell me, tell me, from earth’s wandering may the heart
 find glad surcease,
 Can ye show me as an earnest any olive-branch of
 peace?
 I am weary of life’s troubles, of its sin and toil and
 care;
 I am faithless, crushing in my heart so many a fruitless
 prayer.

O birds from out the east, O birds from out the west,
Can ye tell me of that city the name of which is Rest?

Say, doth a dreamy atmosphere that blessed city crown?
Are there couches spread for sleeping softer than the
eider-down?

Does the silver sound of waters, falling 'twixt its marble
walls,

Hush its solemn silence even into stiller intervals?

Doth the poppy shed its influence there, or doth the
fabled moly

With its leafy-laden Lethe lade the eyes with slumber
holy?

Do they never wake to sorrow, who, after toilsome
quest,

Have entered in that city, the name of which is Rest?

Doth the fancy wile not there for aye? Is the restless
soul's endeavor

Hushed in a rhythm of solemn calm, forever and forever?

Are human natures satisfied of their intense desire?

Is there no more good beyond to seek, or do they not
aspire?

But weary, weary of the ore within its yellow sun,
Do they lie and eat its lotus-leaves and dream life's toil
is done?

O tell me, do they there forget what here hath made
them blest,

Nor sigh again for home and friends, in the city named
Rest?

O little birds, fly east again,— O little birds, fly west;
Ye have found no happy city in all your weary quest.
Still shall ye find no spot of rest wherever ye may stray,
And still like you the human soul must wing its weary
way,

There sleepeth no such city within the wide earth's
bound,

Nor hath the dreaming fancy yet its blissful portals found.
We are but children crying here upon a mother's breast,
For life and peace and blessedness, and for eternal Rest!

Bless God, I hear a still small voice, above life's clamorous din,

Saying, Faint not, O weary one, thou yet mayst enter in;
That city is prepared for those who well do win the
fight,

Who tread the wine-press till its blood hath washed
their garments white,

Within it is no darkness, nor any baleful flower
Shall there oppress thy weeping eyes with stupefying
power.

It lieth calm within the light of God's peace-giving
breast,

Its walls are called Salvation, the city's name is Rest!

Household Words.

HOW LONG ?

M^Y God, it is not faithlessness
That makes me say, "How long?"
It is not heaviness of heart
That hinders me in song;
'T is not despair of truth and right,
Nor coward dread of wrong.

But how can I with such a hope
Of glory and of home,
With such a joy before my eyes,
Not wish the time were come,
Of years the jubilee,—of days
The Sabbath and the sum !

These years, what ages have they been!
This life, how long it seems!
And how can I, in evil days,
'Mid unknown hills and streams,
But sigh for those of home and heart,
And visit them in dreams?

Yet peace, my heart, and hush, my tongue;
Be calm, my troubled breast;
Each hurrying hour is hastening on
The everlasting rest;

Thou knowest that the time thy God
Appoints for thee is best.

Let faith, not fear nor fretfulness,
Awake the cry, "How long?"
Let no faint-heartedness of soul
Damp thy aspiring song;
Right comes, truth dawns, and night departs
Of error and of wrong.

The Cross-Bearer.



THE CITY OF GOD.

I N Thee my powers, my treasures live,
To Thee my life must tend;
Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

And wherefore should I seek above,
The City in the sky?
Since firm in faith, and deep in love,
Its broad foundations lie?

Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised?

Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There — only there — is heaven !

Eliza Scudder. 1858.



SUNDAY.

SUNDAY MORNING.

HOW sweet, how calm this Sabbath morn!
How pure the air that breathes,
And soft the sounds upon it borne,
And light its vapor wreaths!

It seems as if the Christian's prayer,
For peace and joy and love,
Were answered by the very air
That wafts its strain above.

Let each unholy passion cease,
Each evil thought be crushed,
Each anxious care that mars thy peace
In faith and love be hushed.

THE SABBATH OF THE SOUL.

SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born ;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not violate, this day,
The Sabbath of my soul.

Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts ;
Let fires of vengeance die ;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity !

Mrs. Barbauld. 1825.



A HYMN FOR THE SABBATH.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright ;

On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the Throne,
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy,*
To the Great *Three in One.*

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from Heaven,
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple Light was given.

Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise ;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise ;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand ;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our Promised Land.

Thou art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come ;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to heaven, our home ;
A day of sweet reflection,
Thou art a day of love ;
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest ;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises,
To Thee, blest *Three in One.*

Rev. Dr. Wordsworth. 1858.



THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

WE bless Thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest !
May we improve thy calm repose,
And, in God's service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

Lord ! may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

Mrs. C. Gilman. 1848.



THE LORD'S DAY.

O TIME of tranquil joy and holy feeling !
When over earth God's Spirit from above
Spreads out His wings of love ;
When sacred thoughts, like angels, come appealing
To our tent doors ; O eve, to earth and heaven
The sweetest of the seven !

How peaceful are thy skies ! thy air is clearer,
As on the advent of a gracious time :

The sweetness of its prime
Blesseth the world, and Eden's days seem nearer :
I hear, in each faint stirring of the breeze,
God's voice among the trees.

O, while thy hallowed moments are distilling
Their fresher influence on my heart like dews,
The chamber where I muse
Turns to a temple ! He whose converse thrilling
Honored Emmaus, that old eventide,
Comes sudden to my side.

'T is light at evening time when Thou art present ;
Thy coming to the eleven in that dim room
Brightened, O Christ ! its gloom :
So bless my lonely hour that memories pleasant
Around the time a heavenly gleam may cast,
Which many days shall last !

Raise each low aim, refine each high emotion,
That with more ardent footstep I may press
Toward Thy holiness ;
And, braced for sacred duty by devotion,
Support my cross along that rugged road
Which Thou hast sometime trod !

I long to see Thee, for my heart is weary :
O when, my Lord ! in kindness wilt Thou come
To call Thy banished home ?

The scenes are cheerless, and the days are dreary ;
 From sorrow and from sin I would be free,
 And evermore with Thee !

Even now I see the golden city shining
 Up the blue depths of that transparent air :

How happy all is there !

There breaks a day which never knows declining ;
 A Sabbath, through whose circling hours the blest
 Beneath Thy shadow rest !

J. D. Burns. 1855.



THE PRISONER OF THE LORD.

A Sabbath Hymn for a Sick-Chamber.

THOUSANDS, O Lord of Hosts ! this day
 Around Thine altar meet ;
 And tens of thousands throng to pay
 Their homage at Thy feet.

They see Thy power and glory there
 As I have seen them too ;
 They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
 As I was wont to do.

They sing Thy deeds as I have sung,
In sweet and solemn lays ;
Were I among them, my glad tongue
Might learn new themes of praise.

For Thou art in their midst, to teach
When on Thy name they call ;
And Thou hast blessings, Lord, for each,
Hast blessings, Lord, for all.

I, of such fellowship bereft,
In spirit turn to Thee ;
O, hast Thou not a blessing left,
A blessing, Lord, for me ?

The dew lies thick on all the ground,—
Shall my poor fleece be dry ?
The manna rains from heaven around,—
Shall I of hunger die ?

Behold Thy prisoner ; — loose my bands
If 't is Thy gracious will ;
If not — contented in Thy hands,
Behold Thy prisoner still !

I may not to Thy courts repair,
Yet here Thou surely art ;
Lord, consecrate a house of prayer
In my surrendered heart.

To faith reveal the things unseen,
 To hope the joys untold ;
 Let love without a veil between
 Thy glory now behold.

O make Thy face on me to shine,
 That doubt and fear may cease ;
 Lift up Thy countenance benign
 On me — and give me peace.

James Montgomery. 1803–1853.



SUNDAY.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
 And sighs her God to seek,
 How sweet to hail the evening's close,
 That ends the weary week !

How sweet to hail the early dawn,
 That opens on the sight,
 When first that soul-reviving morn
 Sheds forth new rays of light !

Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will cease ;
 Yet, while they gently roll,
 Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
 A Sabbath o'er my soul !

When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day, which fades no more?

James Edmeston. 1820.

A SUNDAY HYMN.

LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy wakening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noon tide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame !

Dr. O. W. Holmes. 1860.



OF THE INCOMPARABLE TREASURE OF THE HOLY
SCRIPTURES.

H ERE is the spring where waters flowe,
To quench our heate of sinne ;
Here is the tree where trueth doth grow,
To lead our lives therein ;
Here is the Judge that stints the strife,
Where men's devices faille ;
Here is the bread that feedes the life
That death cannot affaile ;
The tidings of salvation deare
Come to our eares from hence ;
The fortress of our faith is here,
And shielde of our defence.
Then be not like the hogge that hath
A pearle at his desire,
And takes more pleasure in the trough,
And wallowing in the mire ;

Reade not this booke in any case
But with a single eye ;
Read not but first desire God's grace
To vnderstand thereby ;
Pray still in faith with this respect,
To fructifie therein,
That knowledge may bring this effect
To mortify thy sinne.
Then happie thou in all thy life,
What so to thee befalles ;
Yea, double happie shalt thou be
When God by death thee calles.

From Barker's Bible. 1594.



THE ONE CHURCH.

OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

I STAND without here in the porch,
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,
I hear the prayer with words that scorch
Like sparks from an inverted torch,
I hear the sermon upon sin,
With threatenings of the last account.
And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's prayer,
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

Must it be Calvin, and not Christ?
Must it be Athanasian creeds,
Or holy water, books, and beads?
Must struggling souls remain content
With councils and decrees of Trent?
And can it be enough for these
The Christian Church the year embalms
With evergreens and boughs of palms,
And fills the air with litanies?

I know that yonder Pharisee
Thanks God that he is not like me ;
In my humiliation dressed,
I only stand and beat my breast,
And pray for human charity.

Not to one church alone, but seven,
The voice prophetic spake from heaven :
And unto each the promise came,
Diversified, but still the same ;
For him that overcometh are
The new names written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the throne,
And I will give him the Morning Star !

Ah ! to how many Faith has been
No evidence of things unseen,
But a dim shadow that recasts
The creed of the Phantasiasts,
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,
For whom the Tragedy Divine
Was but a symbol and a sign,
And Christ a phantom crucified !

For others a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead.
The passing of their beautiful feet
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all their looks and words repeat
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,

Not as a vulture, but a dove,
The Holy Ghost came from above.

H. W. Longfellow. 1863.



FICUS RELIGIOSA.

THE Banyan of the Indian isle
Spreads deeply down its massive root,
And spreads its branching life abroad,
 And bends to earth, with scarlet fruit ;
But when the branches reach the ground,
 They firmly plant themselves again :
They rise and spread and droop and root,
 An ever green and endless chain.

And so the Church of Jesus Christ,
 The blessed Banyan of our God,
Fast-rooted upon Zion's mount,
 Has sent its sheltering arms abroad ;
And every branch that from it springs,
 In sacred beauty spreading wide,
As low it bends to bless the earth,
 Still plants another by its side.

Long as the world itself shall last,
 The sacred Banyan still shall spread,

From clime to clime, from age to age,
Its sheltering shadow shall be shed.
Nations shall seek its pillared shade,
Its leaves shall for their healing be :
The circling flood that feeds its life,
The blood that crimsoned Calvary.



ONE IN CHRIST.

ONE baptism and one faith,
One Lord below, above,
The fellowship of Zion hath
One only watchword, — Love.
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

Our sacrifice is One ;
One priest before the throne, —
The crucified, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone !
And sighs from contrite hearts that spring,
Our chief, our choicest offering.

O why should they who love
One Gospel to unfold,
Who look for one bright home above,
On earth be strange and cold ?

Why, subjects of the Prince of Peace,
In strife abide, and bitterness ?

O may that holy prayer —
His tenderest and His last,
The utterance of His latest care
Ere to His throne He passed —
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, the people's stain !

Head of Thy Church beneath,
The Catholic, — the true, —
On her disjointed members breathe,
Her broken frame renew !
Then shall Thy perfect will be done
When Christians love and live as one.

E. Robinson.



A LL-SEEING God ! 't is Thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

Who among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call ?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe ?

Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While faithful, we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

Scott.



DEDICATION HYMN.

ONE Father, God, we own;
One Spirit evermore;
One Christ, with manger, cross, and throne,
The Light, the Way, the Door.

In souls we hail his birth;
'T is now he comes again;
His kingdom is the convert Earth,
His Church all faithful men.

The Scriptures thus we read;
Of strangest powers compiled,
To mould the heart and clear the creed
Of earth's frail, clouded child.

Its essence, not its writ,
Our sovereign rule we call ;
Not fastening down all truth to it,
But widening it to all.

With this free reverence, Lord,
In Christly church estate,
With earnest, brotherly accord,
These walls we dedicate

To prayer and holy thought ;
Affections set above ;
To faiths from highest fountains brought,
And works of widest love.

Thy presence, Father, make
The refuge and supply ;
And for thy Truth and Mercy's sake
Build on, and sanctify.

Dr. N. L. Frothingham. 1863.



THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL.

ONE holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons
To serve the world raised up ;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love her communion cup.

he truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page ;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church ! thine errand speed ;
Fulfil thy task sublime ;
With bread of life Earth's hunger feed ;
Redeem the evil time !

Rev. S. Longfellow. 1863.



LIFE OF AGES.

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty !

Never was to chosen race
 That unstinted tide confined ;
 Thine is every time and place,
 Fountain sweet of heart and mind !

Secret of the morning stars,
 Motion of the oldest hours,
 Pledge through elemental wars
 Of the coming spirit's powers !

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
 Pulsing in the hero's blood,
 Nerving simplest thought and deed,
 Refreshing time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,
 Holy book and pilgrim track,
 Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
 From the sacred limits back,—

Life of Ages, richly poured,
 Love of God, unspent and free,
 Flow still in the Prophet's word
 And the People's liberty !

Rev. S. Johnson. 1863.



INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
Ah ! why should bitter tears be shed	55
A little bird I am	182
All-seeing God ! 'tis Thine to know	320
Almighty Former of this wondrous plan	197
And is there nothing to be done	153
A poor wayfaring Man of grief	218
Are we not nobles ? We who trace	140
Arise ! this day shall shine	37
A safe stronghold our God is still	16
As body when the soul has fled	155
As, down in the sunless retreats of the ocean	240
A soldier's course, from battles won	27
As strangers, — glad for this good inn	138
Author of good, to Thee we turn	132
A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill	20
Awake, my soul, awake to prayer	126
Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes	257
Before Jehovah's awful throne	146
Begin the day with God	105
Behold the western evening light	275
Be not afraid to pray, — to pray is right	80
Beyond the hills where suns go down	288
Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies	295
Bowed 'neath the load of human ill	93

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm	221
Carry me across !	8
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	109
Cling to the Mighty One	169
Come, Holy Spirit ! from the height	177
Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove	175
Come, let us pray : 't is sweet to feel	85
Come, mighty Spirit, penetrate	176
Come ! said Jesus' sacred voice	57
Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather	256
Come, ye thankful people, come	144
Dear Friend, whose presence in the house	180
Dear God, that watch doth keep	112
Deem not that they are blest alone	63
Father, I call on Thee	14
Father ! into Thy loving hands	246
Father, when o'er our trembling hearts	64
Flow on, thou Fountain of my joy	51
Forever with the Lord	291
Friend after friend departs	281
From lips divine, like healing balm	35
From my lips in their defilement	97
From the eternal shadow rounding	282
Give to the winds thy fears	159
God doth not leave His own	53
God moves in a mysterious way	40
God of my childhood and my youth	267
God's ways are not as our ways	198
Go not far from me, O my Strength	206
Go to dark Gethsemane	59
Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime	18
Gracious Source of every blessing !	274
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	100
Had I a thousand hearts, I'd raise	210

Index to First Lines.

3—
91

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews	211	32, 63
Hark ! the glad sound ! the Saviour comes	166	
Hath not thy heart within thee burned	223	
Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father	122	
Here is the spring where waters flowe	314	
Here, sweetly forgetting and wholly forgot	189	
He who himself and God would know	222	
How blest is he whose tranquil mind	270	
How happy are the new-born race	195	
How meanly dwells the immortal mind	248	
How shalt thou bear the cross that now	46	
How sweet, how calm this Sabbath morn	304	
Humbly while my soul doth prove	61	
I am old and blind	250	
I and my house are ready, Lord	107	
I beg of you, I beg of you, my brothers	101	
I cannot find Thee ! Still on restless pinion	158	
If any be distressed, and fain would gather	83	
I know not if or dark or bright	235	
I look to Thee in every need	168	
I love to steal awhile away	117	
I 'm returning, not departing	279	
In the beginning was the Word	31	
In Thee my powers, my treasures live	302	
In the hour of my distress	95	
In the still silence of the voiceless night	130	
I place an offering at Thy shrine	190	
Is this the way, my Father ?	36	
I stand without here in the porch	316	
It came upon the midnight clear	29	
It is not time that flies	278	
It lies around us like a cloud	289	
I was a wandering sheep	172	
Jesus, cast a look on me	99	
Jesus ! lover of my soul	170	
Jesus, the very thought is sweet	167	
Judge not ; the workings of his brain	75	

Index to First Lines.

Calm r

Carry

Chriⁿkingdoms and thrones to God belong

C'	Let deepest silence all around	226
	Let me count my treasures	135
	Life of Ages, richly poured	323
	Long plunged in sorrow, I resign	192
	Lord, a happy child of Thine	123
	Lord of all being ! throned afar	313
	Lord, teach us how to pray aright	82
	Lord, the lights are gleaming from the distant shore	264
	Lord, Thou hast given me a cell	136
	Lord, many times I am a-weary quite	147
	Love constitutes my crime	184
	Love ! if thy destined sacrifice am I	186
	Men of thought ! be up and stirring	23
	Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord	5
	My God ! in life's most doubtful hour	89
	My God, in Thee all fulness lies	236
	My God ! is any hour so sweet	86
	My God, it is not faithlessness	301
	My God, my Father ! while I stray	74
	My God ! Thy boundless love I praise	212
	My God protects ; my fears begone	238
	My God, whose gracious pity I may claim	45
	My heart is easy and my burden light	189
	My heart is resting, O my God	203
	My soul repeat His praise	143
	Nearer, my God, to Thee	200
	No bird-song floated down the hill	271
	Not from the work appointed us to do	231
	Not on a prayerless bed	78
O	birds from out the east	298
O	day of rest and gladness	306
O	fair-haired northern hero	17
O	for a closer walk with God	148
O	for a heart of calm repose	224
O	for the coming of the end	32

O happy soul that lives on high	230
O help us, Lord ! each hour of need	88
O Holy Father, just and true	19
O Israel, to thy tents repair	25
O Lord ! how happy is the time	233
O Lord, turn not Thy face away	87
O Loved ! but not enough	181
O Shadow in a sultry land	116
O sometimes gleams upon our sight	2
O spirit, freed from earth	286
O this is blessing, this is rest	205
O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men	33
O Thou who didst deny to me	66
O timely happy, timely wise	110
O time of tranquil joy and holy feeling	308
O to have dwelt in Bethlehem	215
O'er the dark wave of Galilee	58
One baptism, and one faith	319
One Father, God, we own	321
One holy Church of God appears	322
One prayer I have, — all prayers in one	103
One year ago, — a ringing voice	38
Only waiting till the shadows	245
Open, Lord, mine inward ear	225
Oppression shall not always reign	21
Our God, our Father, with us stay	28
Our God ! our God ! Thou shonest here	1
Our pathway oft is wet with tears	273
Out of the dark the circling sphere	22
Peace ! Be still !	42
Prisoners of hope ! be strong, be bold	26
Peace, troubled soul ! Thou needst not fear	241
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	229
Saviour ! though my rebellious will	152
See, before us in our journey	283
Sickness is a school severe	49

Since o'er Thy footstool here below	294
Skies are dark and winds are moaning	261
Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares	305
Sometimes a light surprises	162
Sow with a generous hand	214
Star of morn and even	131
Strong are all the walls around me	183
Strong-souled Reformer, whose far-seeing faith	33
Sweet Saviour ! bless us ere we go	120
That mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord	93
The Banyan of the Indian isle	318
The child leans on its parent's breast	228
The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep	122
The day of the Lord is at hand	3
The foe behind, the deep before	12
The hour of my departure 's come	269
The hour, the hour, the parting hour	276
The Lord descended from above	165
The Lord is King ! lift up thy voice	160
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	213
The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed	81
The purple morning gilds the eastern skies	113
Therefore, O friend ! I would not, if I might	70
There is a dwelling-place above	297
There is a land of pure delight.	293
There is a land where beauty cannot fade	56
There is a light in yonder skies	187
The seed must die before the corn appears	69
These hairs of age are messengers	254
These years of life, — what do they seem ?	266
The shadows of the evening hours	118
The time for toil is past	156
The weary day at length is past	115
The world can neither give nor take	237
The world is wise, for the world is old	150
They talked of Jesus as they went	178
This did not once so trouble me	149

This gracious promise, Lord, fulfil	91
Thou all-sufficient One	163
Thou art the Way ; and he who sighs	174
Though some good things of lower worth	201
Thou God of Love ! beneath thy sheltering wings	281
Thou hidden Source of calm repose	227
Thou, long disowned, reviled, opprest	10
Thousands, O Lord of Hosts ! this day	310
Through night to light	71
Thus saith God of His Anointed	13
Thy will be done ! I will not fear	104
'T was in the watches of the night	129
We bless thee for this sacred day	307
We see not, know not ; all our way	6
We will not weep ; for God is standing by us	54
What ails my heart, that in my breast	124
What are these in bright array ?	48
When all Thy mercies, O my God	142
When darkness long has veiled my mind	73
When gathering clouds around I view	262
When God upheaved the pillared earth	239
When in the vale of lengthened years	265
When life's tempestuous storms are o'er	268
When the worn spirit wants repose	312
While Thee I seek, protecting Power	90
While toil and warfare urge us on our way	133
Who, that a watcher doth remain	67
Why shouldst thou study in the month of June	241
Without haste ! without rest !	76
With years oppressed, with sorrow worn	252
Would you be young again ?	255
Yes, I will always love ; and, as I ought	191
Yes, thou mayst weep, for Jesus shed	43
Your harps, ye trembling saints	258



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